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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

COMMENT ON THE CONTENTS

WHILE modesty of opinion is nowhere more advisable than in debating the so-called 'Problem of the Pacific', in few other fields of public discussion is propaganda of opinion more active than in this one. Japan is facing serious embarrassments both at home and abroad, in which she should receive the sympathetic and understanding, but not the officious, coöperation of the other powers. It is probably difficult for Christian and Caucasian nations to realize the isolation of spirit and sentiment of which this people of entirely different traditions and ancestry is conscious, when suddenly projected in their company in a rôle thrust upon it by forces beyond its command. We possibly ascribe far too many acts of the Japanese and of their government to premeditation and design, and make too little allowance for the unescapable necessities which determine their conduct and policy. However, this does not diminish the very great importance of understanding not only the material factors and concrete political issues of the Pacific problem, but also the present, perhaps transient, phases of popular sentiment in the regions it most affects; for this sentiment may become a deciding factor in the situation.

KARL RADEK is the political name of a Galician Jew — Sobelsohn — who after several years of precarious and impecunious existence in German university towns suddenly found his opportunity with the Bolshevik revolution. He has been at different times a secret and an open emissary of the Moscow government in Germany, where he was for a time imprisoned by the republican authorities. His article, of which we publish the second instalment this week, was written for readers within his own party, and is probably a candid statement of Bolshevik policy and designs toward Poland.

ALGIERS was singularly prosperous during the war and the French settlers have made comfortable fortunes through the rise in price of agricultural commodities. Many large estates are devoted to the production of wine and citrus fruits, and represent an investment — at present prices — of a million dollars or more. One orchardist has contracted for his crop of oranges, mandarins, and lemons for three hundred thousand francs. In addition, this estate produced last year seven hundred and forty-eight thousand gallons of wine. Naturally, the value of land has risen rapidly.

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Twenty-five years ago, vine lands susceptible of irrigation were worth forty dollars to one hundred dollars an acre. They had trebled in value by 1910, and to-day they are sold for as much as a thousand dollars an acre.

FIVE weeks ago, we published an article under the title 'Germany Alive and Busy', which gave the impression that country produces upon the traveler who rides first class. To-day, we print an account of conditions there by a lady who saw more deeply into the life of the common people. Recent German illustrated papers show pictures of important public works in progress, including a hydro-electric development in Bavaria upon which four thousand workmen are employed. They also give views of sporting events and athletic contests which indicate that physical well-being and luxury have by no means disappeared. But the shadow side of social conditions in any country and in any period is not the one usually put on exhibition, or likely to catch the eye of the visitor who does not go forth especially to seek it.

CZERNIN ON THE LEAGUE

COUNT CZERNIN, former Minister of Foreign Affairs of Austria-Hungary, contributes a short note in the *Preussische Jahrbücher* upon Germany's future policy in which he makes the following interesting observations:

In my humble opinion the errors of German policy reach far back, practically through the entire reign of William II. The government's real purpose was to promote peace, but involuntarily it promoted war. These errors, it seems to me, can all be traced to Germany's depending too exclusively upon its military strength for its protection. Its fabulous economic progress, and the expansion associated with this, aroused envy and enmity. That was natural and inevitable, and Germany had no other recourse but to stand on the defensive. Notwithstanding this, on more than one occasion that country felt called upon to oppose international arbitration of polit-

ical controversies. At the Hague Congress it was the only government in the world which took this attitude. Its rulers trusted too much to the sword and rattled it too often, thus forging the hostile world coalition against themselves, which produced such frightful practical consequences in the recent war. Germany gratuitously shouldered the odium of militarism and convinced the rest of the world that Berlin was the only obstacle to the peaceful settlement of its controversies. With a diplomatic clumsiness that seems absolutely incredible, the government at Berlin lifted the charge of Imperialism from the back of England and assumed it itself. The erroneous course adopted before the war was continued behind the scenes during the conflict. . . . 'We have the stronger army and so we shall conquer and to compromise is a blunder,' was the thesis held upon the Spree and it betrayed us to our ruin. . . .

Consequently a League of Nations should be founded to serve as a supreme tribunal for settling international disputes. At the beginning we must not allow ourselves to be discouraged by even well-grounded objections to particular features of such an arrangement. We must not reject the institution on account of its name, on account of its spiritual father, on account of the temper and designs which inspire the leading representatives of the Entente associated with it. Rather we should labor to discover not the superficial defects, but the deeper possibilities for good and evil which it possesses.

Personally I think the very name of the institution is inadequate and misleading. It should not be called a 'League of Nations' but 'A Union for the Economic Salvation of the World.' That name is neither beautiful nor concise, but it designates the primary reason for its existence.

BOLSHEVIST GOLD

ACCORDING to a financial writer in a recent issue of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, the Bolsheviki found something more than a billion rubles in gold in the Russian treasury when they seized power nearly three years ago. In the summer of 1918 the hold of the Soviets upon the government in Petrograd and Moscow was very precarious, and most of this gold was shipped to Samara. The Soviet authorities did not foresee the rapid advance of the Czecho-Slovaks and of Kolchak's armies, which were able to seize the treasure. 'Presumably at Entente instigation,'

the Czecho-Slovaks refused to turn this gold over to Kolchak's government, retaining some car loads in the immediate possession of their general staff. A smaller quantity was doled out to Kolchak and eventually reached the hands of Japanese, English, and American officers and contractors. When the Bolshevik armies crushed Kolchak and advanced with incredible speed across Siberia, they overtook the Czecho-Slovaks. The latter were held up in the vicinity of Lake Baikal by the obstruction of the Cossack hetman, Semionoff, who was favored by Japan, because that country wanted to get possession of this gold as compensation for the munitions it had delivered to the former Russian government. This induced the Czecho-Slovaks to negotiate with the Soviet authorities, with the result that a greater part of the gold was turned over to the Bolshevik representatives. In some unexplained way a few carloads fell into the hands of Semionoff, who turned them over to Japan. The greater part of this gold, however, or thirty-six car loads in all, amounting to seven hundred million rubles (five hundred and seventy-five thousand kilos), was taken back to Russia by the Bolsheviks. Inasmuch as the entire stock of gold in Russia was not captured by the Czecho-Slovaks at Samara, but always remained in the hands of the Bolsheviks, it is estimated that the latter now have in their possession, including gold they have accumulated from private sources, about one billion rubles.

SPAIN'S KING AND THE KAISER

A CONVERSATION with the King of Spain in March, 1917, appeared in recent issues of *Matin*, in which that monarch made some interesting comments upon the ex-Kaiser. He stated that twelve years before, when he was

eighteen years old, the Kaiser appointed him Colonel of one of the Prussian regiments. A little later when the Kaiser was at Vigo, King Alfonso went on board the imperial vessel to pay an official visit. On the advice of the German Military Attaché he wore undress uniform.

'During my journey by train to Vigo,' said King Alfonso, 'I practised the stiffest Prussian salutes. On reaching the bridge of the ship I saw that everybody was wearing full-dress uniform, but what was more serious was that, when I found myself before the Emperor, I forgot all the little exercises I had been studying and burst out laughing. The Kaiser made a scene, reproaching me before his and my own staff, and commenting on my carelessness and the incorrectness of my uniform. "When one salutes the German Emperor one should wear full-dress uniform. You should not have forgotten it," he said.'

King Alfonso, in explaining that he had acted on the advice of the German Military Attaché, used the familiar form 'tu,' as the Kaiser had done. 'Have I ever given you permission to "tut-tut" me?' asked the Kaiser. 'Have I ever authorized you to do the same thing?' quickly retorted King Alfonso. 'Since that episode there are no dirty tricks which he has not tried to play me,' continued the King, 'notably during my first trip to Germany. Three weeks ago he sent me by my cousin, the Emperor of Austria, the text of the German Note of blockade two days before it was published. He asked me for my personal opinion as comrade and friend. I contented myself with replying, "I think you are completely mad." Eight days afterwards my government sent him a longer and more studied reply, of which I don't suppose he liked the taste any more than the first.'

King Alfonso, after referring to the good intentions of the Emperor Charles, said: 'From the first day of the war Germany commenced, if not with the Russian government, at least with responsible Russian circles, a series of intrigues which were really negotiations destined in the first place to paralyze Russia and then prepare for a separate peace.' The King expressed the conviction that a Hohenzollern would not be German Emperor when the peace terms were presented if Germany thought she could gain anything by turning them out.

MISSING WAR TROPHIES

AMONG the amusing incidents of the post-war era in Italy has been the

theft of ten cannon captured from the Austrians and placed as a trophy in the stadium at Milan. According to a correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*:

One morning the guns had disappeared, but for days nobody paid any attention to the fact, the public supposing that they had probably been removed by order of the military authorities, who had other things to do besides watching cannon on exhibit. After some time, however, inquiries were made, and the Artillery Department was asked what they had done with the guns. They replied that no orders had been given, and then only it dawned upon the officials that they must have been taken away by someone without due authorization.

A frantic inquiry and search were begun, it being feared that perhaps some Anarchist gang had conveyed them to a safe place, and some day might use them. These fears, happily, were soon allayed when it was discovered that the guns had been stolen only by a dancing master, otherwise a harmless person, who considered that he might do a good stroke of business by selling them to some foundry, or perhaps back to some out-of-the-way military depôt, or to a private collector as trophies brought home from the war. In order to carry out his plan he put on the uniform of an officer of the Engineer Corps, and got some artillery soldiers to take the guns away one after another. Once in his possession he offered them singly as relics to different foundries at the price of a few lire per kilo. They were bought by a dealer in old iron, who eventually sold them at a profit, and when the authorities finally got on the track they were being offered to a big establishment at five lire per kilo weight. Some of the guns have already been broken up and melted, and only half of them have been recovered intact.

A FRENCH LAW TO AID ARTISTS

MERCURE DE FRANCE calls attention to a new law promulgated in the *Official Gazette* of May 22, giving painters, sculptors, and artists of every class and their heirs permanent rights in their works of art for fifty years from the artist's death. This means that when an artist sells a picture he does not, and indeed cannot, dispose of any future increment in the value of the picture which occurs during his life time and the following half century. In cases

of all future sales he or his legal representatives has a right to a percentage of the new price. The tariff is as follows:

	per cent.
On sales of Fr. 1,000 to Fr. 10,000 . . .	10
On sales of Fr. 10,000 to Fr. 20,000 . . .	15
On sales of Fr. 20,000 to Fr. 50,000 . . .	20
On sales of Fr. 50,000 and upwards . . .	30

Had this law been in force when Millet was alive, the huge price commanded by such a painting as the 'Angelus,' which never benefitted that impecunious artist, would at least have been a source of profit for his heirs.

HUNGARIAN BOYCOTT RAISED

ON August 8, the Bureau of the International Trade Union Alliance removed the boycott inaugurated on June 20 against Hungary. Even Labor and Socialist papers — like the Vienna *Arbeiter Zeitung* — admit that this first attempt of International Labor to employ the boycott against an independent government for a political object has proved a failure. The Unions of Czecho-Slovakia did not cooperate with the same enthusiasm in enforcing the blockade against Hungary as the Unions of some of the neighboring countries. However, Labor did succeed in practically stopping intercourse by rail with that country.

OVERPRODUCTION!

THE conservative London *Saturday Review* comments as follows upon present industrial conditions in England — conditions which prevail likewise upon the Continent:

Has any one noticed that the cry of 'More Production' has died upon the lips of those who know? Of course, members of Parliament and journalists, who don't know, keep on repeating the parrot cry of more production. But employers of labor and intelligent trade unionist leaders know very well that what is wanted is less production, always excepting coal, steel, locomotives, wheat, and meat. With shrinking for-

eign demand and accumulated stocks, more production sounds, to the informed, like the cry of a madman. For the cotton and woolen trades, possibly for the boot and shoe trade, and the rubber trade, shorter time and lower wages are unavoidable. This ought to mean lower prices, which would surely please everybody; at least gild the pill of reduced wages.

LETTLAND A GOING GOVERNMENT

Lettland, or Latvia as it is sometimes called from its native name, after suffering from German and Bolshevik invasions and local uprisings just before and following the armistice, finally elected a constitutional assembly last April and organized a settled civil government. As in most of the peasant countries of Eastern Europe, the agrarians are strongly represented in the new Parliament. They are radical but have nothing in common with the Bolsheviks, as they are ardent defenders of private property in land. As in Poland, Roumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, and even Italy, legislation is projected for the compulsory purchase and subdivision of large estates.

At the last election the agrarian and bourgeois parties gained a large majority. However, the strongest single party in Parliament is the Socialists, who have fifty-seven of the one hundred and fifty members. The Lett Socialists are not allied with the Communists, who are a negligible element politically in Lettland.

RELIGIOUS REVOLT IN YUGOSLAVIA

ACCORDING to *La Dépêche de Toulouse*, Yugoslavia, irrespective of political beliefs, is up in arms against the Vatican. This always latent hostility has suddenly become acute on account of the Pope's decision to send a legate to Fiume to organize an autonomous religious administration in that disputed city. The new prelate is said to have arrived practically as a mem-

ber of D'Annunzio's suite. Continuing its comment upon that incident, the paper we have just mentioned says:

Among the Croat clergy a movement has arisen similar to that which has been gaining headway for a considerable period among the Czech clergy, harking back to the memory of John Huss. It is an anti-Rome and Democratic movement which is growing in extent and depth with every passing day. A humble village priest, Stiépan Zagoratz, the apostle of a new Croat national church, is advocating with growing success among the lower Catholic clergy the necessity of throwing off the aristocratic and anti-national yoke of Rome. He believes that the clergy should be chosen by their parishioners, and that the lower clergy should elect their own bishops. This programme amounts to nothing less than secession from Rome and the creation of a national church.

The success of the movement has become important enough to arouse the Vatican and the local bishops. The latter, at the direction of the Pope, condemned the reformist movement as heretical at their Congress last May, and demanded that the clergy should sign a declaration of absolute submission to the Holy See. The reformers replied to this by holding a Congress at Koprivnik, where they unanimously voted to refuse obedience to this order. Therefore the result is an open schism in the church, countenanced by a great majority of the people and by the government.

MINOR NOTES

A SPECIAL correspondent of the Osaka *Mainichi* who recently has succeeded in reaching Manchuria after an adventurous journey to Moscow says in speaking of his experience in Siberia:

I was struck with the rampancy of anti-Japanese sentiment among the Russians. All the newspapers East of Oms devoted most of their space to attacking Japan and promoting hatred for our country. . . . While great danger and inconvenience are experienced by Japanese traveling in Siberia, the Chinese are continuing business unmolested and their influence is growing. What has impressed me most in my travel through Siberia is that the blundering Japanese policy there during the last two years has left indelible hatred against Japan in the hearts of the Russians.

MARQUIS OKUMA, sometimes called 'The Grand Old Man of Japan,' in

commenting upon the reputation of his country of being controlled by militarists, says in an interview printed in *Jiji*:

The term military clique dates from the Chinese war, when the headquarters of the Imperial General Staff were removed from Tokyo and their plans were reported to the Emperor directly, while the Cabinet stood as it were outside the circle. That became a custom and was repeated at the time of the Russian war, and the term *Gumbatsu* (military inner circle) continues to be used to-day. Such a clique may have been a hindrance to the government in the past, but it no longer exists.

In spite of the rapid decline in the demand for tonnage in Japan the Kawasaki Dockyard has entered upon a programme of building 30 freighters of 9700 tons each and 10 of 9300 tons. This shipyard has just completed the last of 60 steamships of about the same size built under a programme started about two years ago. Part of the materials are coming from America. In

addition, the same Company contemplates building passenger steamers of 11,000 tons burden.

EUROPE'S depleted flocks and herds are threatened with serious epidemics, probably imported with the live stock brought to replace the losses which occurred during the war. An explosive attack of the foot and mouth disease is reported in Switzerland, and cattle in France and Belgium are being attacked by an epidemic of bovine typhus, a disease which is endemic in the herds of Southern Russia and Central Africa. The last time the herds of Western Europe were afflicted with this disease was in 1814, toward the close of the Napoleonic war era. During the recent war typhus swept the Sudan, where its toll is estimated to have been one half the herds, and where in many villages not an ox or cow is left.

JAPAN'S PLACE IN THE WORLD

[*Neue Zürcher Zeitung* (Swiss Liberal Republican Daily), August 2 and 4]

1. *The Hegemony of the Pacific*

BY VIATOR PACIFICUS

[The following discussion of the question of the Pacific is written from New Zealand.]

A FEW days ago our papers published a cable despatch saying that Admiral Jellicoe, former commander of the English fleet and later First Sea Lord, had been appointed Governor General of New Zealand. Last year, Lord Jellicoe visited several British colonies and spent August and September in this part of the world. During

that journey he prepared a new plan for the defense of the far flung British possessions and colonies. He proposed that in the Far East and the Pacific ocean, England should pay 75 per cent, Australia 20 per cent, and New Zealand five per cent of the necessary expenses of the British fleet, while Canada and South Africa should help pay for the naval establishment in the Atlantic. Everyone recognizes that the British admiralty considers the Pacific ocean the world's future danger centre since the destruction of the German fleet. We do not know yet whether Lord Jellicoe's appointment as Governor General of this colony has

any bearing upon his proposed reorganization of the system of defense in the Pacific.

Meantime Australia and New Zealand have discussed with lively interest the proposed continuance of the alliance between Great Britain and Japan. Public opinion in both Australia and New Zealand has been opposed to its renewal.

This alliance, first concluded in 1902 and renewed in 1905 and 1911, has never been popular in Australasia. One of the first bills introduced into the federal Parliament of Australia after the organization of the Commonwealth in 1901, was to prevent the immigration of colored races. Although when the alliance was renewed in 1911, a clause was inserted providing for the admission of the subjects of either nation to the territories of the other, this provision was never enforced in Australia and New Zealand, because the Parliaments of those countries refused their assent to such an arrangement.

People here still retain a lively memory of the efforts which the Japanese delegation at Paris made to have the equal rights of all races recognized in the League of Nations covenant. British diplomats could not assent to Japan's demands because the representatives of Australia and New Zealand at the Conference, and public opinion in their home lands, would never have consented to such a concession in Japan's favor. More than that, Japan cannot count upon Great Britain's support in event of hostilities with the United States, because England has a special arbitration treaty with America.

Obviously, therefore, the present alliance stands on a rather weak footing. So long as Russia was a great power this treaty afforded important advantages to both parties. Now, however, the situation has completely changed.

The Pacific question is not, broadly speaking, a complex one. Japan's rapidly growing population forces it to seek adequate expansion abroad, particularly in the commercial and economic field. To this end it requires raw materials on the one hand, and new markets for its manufactures on the other. In both respects China is of first importance; for it is a country almost as large as Europe with its natural resources practically intact. Therefore it is easy to understand why the Japanese are such ardent advocates of 'Asia for the Asiatics.' The Australian papers contend that certain circles in Japan consider the alliance with Great Britain as an authorization to exploit China to the limit commercially and economically; and that this will be but a transition stage to Japan's eventual political mastery of that country. This tendency was strikingly shown during the world war, when both Europe and the United States were forced to stand by with bound hands while the Japanese extorted from China one concession after another. To be sure, the Mikado's government can say that it is merely following the example of the great European powers, which in their day established spheres of influence in Chinese territory. These European spheres of influence, America's commercial penetration, and indeed all white influence in China is distrusted by Japan. Now that its people have supplanted the Germans in the far East, their appetite has grown the sharper to seize the possessions of the other White powers as soon as an opportunity offers.

China's raw materials are of supreme importance for Japan, not only for commercial and industrial reasons but also for military purposes. China has valuable coal mines, and since Japan is supposed already to have secured control of the most important iron deposits in

that country, it expects soon to be independent of England and America for war materials and armor plates.

It is easy to see why Japan should cast envious eyes upon suitable territories for colonization as well as for commercial and economic expansion. The country's rapidly growing population, and the hard struggle for existence thus forced upon the people, compel Japan's statesmen to seek new lands to settle. Korea has taken only 250,000 settlers and Manchuria 100,000. Shantung, like the rest of China, is already over-crowded. Japan's colonists in Manchuria and China cannot compete successfully with cheap local labor. Therefore the people are casting their glances to the South and East, to the rich countries now sparsely populated by the white race. They are particularly attracted to the Australian continent which, with an area almost as large as Europe, has fewer inhabitants than London or New York. In China there are about 200 people to the square mile; in India 177; in Japan 350; while in Australia there are only two. Large regions in Australia are occupied by deserts; but in Japan likewise wide areas cannot be cultivated. New Zealand, lying in the temperate zone, and with adequate rain fall, has only 1,250,000 inhabitants, although it is as large as Italy. The annual increase of the population of China is as large as the total population of Australia. It is a happy thing for the latter country that China is so pacific and so backward; else this situation would not long continue.

Japan adds about 600,000 to its inhabitants annually, but the doors of Canada, United States, Australia, and New Zealand are closed to them. Such a condition cannot continue forever. In Australia the so-called Northern Territory is not suitable for European settlement on account of its hot cli-

mate. This is the region which the Japanese particularly covet. However, if they are once admitted, where would the boundary be drawn against them? The exclusion policy of Australia and New Zealand expresses the instinctive fear of their people that they might lose their character as white nations without some such extraordinary measure; for their own rate of increase is very slow, and immigration from Great Britain is unimportant.

Quite naturally, the Japanese see the situation in a very different way. Australia and New Zealand were occupied by the white race only about 100 years ago. From the historic standpoint the Whites are still an alien element in the Pacific countries compared with the Chinese and Japanese. When we raise such battle cries as 'America for the Americans,' 'Asia for Asiatics,' and the like, it is easy to extend this doctrine and say that the shores of the Pacific are the natural heritage of the races which originally inhabited them. From this standpoint the whole problem appears in a different light; and it becomes plain that the southward pressure of the yellow races responds to a powerful impulse which sooner or later will inevitably produce a conflict with the powers which throw a sheltering arm over white Australia.

A foreign observer gets the impression that Japan's pressure to the South follows a more or less conscious and definite plan. As soon as the World War gave them the opportunity, the Japanese seized the German colonies in Micronesia — the Caroline, Marshall, and Marian islands. Under the terms of the Peace Treaty, all the groups north of the equator are to be administered by the Japanese, although for the time being subject to the supervision of the League of Nations.

Since this time, Japanese influence south of the equator also has been

growing rapidly. The Japanese have extended the cultivation of coconuts, rubber, sisal, cacao, coffee, and tobacco, and have simultaneously seized a growing share of the trade formerly in the hands of English and Australians. Japan's commercial influence is being felt in the English island groups and throughout the whole Pacific area. That country's merchants learn the native dialects, study the markets on the spot, and have for instance built sailing ships specially designed for handling copra. The trade mark 'Made in Japan' is becoming familiar to all the inhabitants of this part of the world, and in the wake of the commerce which it symbolizes flows a steady stream of Japanese political propaganda and influence.

It is reported that the natives of the Marshall islands in particular have adopted Japanese customs and habits, clothing and opinions, with great rapidity. During his leisure the Japanese merchant becomes a teacher, and impresses upon the natives the power and prestige of his empire. Soon you see in the huts of the islanders Japanese books and newspapers side by side with other merchandise from that country. The native chiefs and their wives wear kimonos and sandals, carry Japanese fans and umbrellas, wear Japanese ornaments, and even imitate the peculiar walk of the Japanese. The traders of the Island Empire exhibit remarkable push and enterprise; their wares are cheap and attractive, and Europeans find it increasingly difficult with each passing day to compete with them.

Furthermore, Japan's business with Australia and New Zealand has grown beyond precedent and the people of that country have probably supplanted the Germans for good and all in certain lines of trade. Consumers here are not satisfied with the quality

of many Japanese goods. The latter are regarded as imitations and substitutes. One gentleman told me that he commissioned a Japanese firm to send him certain articles which he had formerly bought from Germany. The goods arrived in due time, exactly according to sample, even bearing the mark 'Made in Germany.'

The Japanese have acquired their strongest foothold, however, in the Hawaiian islands, where they form about half of the population. Since there are also some 20,000 Chinese in the Territory, and the native Hawaiians are dying out rapidly, it is very obvious that the yellow race will speedily be in complete possession of the whole archipelago, even though the United States prohibits further immigration. In case of a war between the North American Republic and Empire of the Rising Sun, this Japanese settlement will inevitably prove very dangerous and only the future will show whether the government at Washington and other interested powers will have the courage and foresight to check in time the advance of the Japanese race in that quarter.

Japanese are met with in larger or smaller numbers on the other islands of the Pacific, particularly in New Caledonia, and more recently in the New Hebrides, an archipelago now under the joint administration of England and France. The Japanese are interested particularly in the French portion of the latter group, because they hope eventually to purchase it from that country.

Japan is not particularly well pleased with the Australian mandate over the former German possessions in Melanesia. They fear that with the Australians in full control, they will enjoy even fewer rights in those colonies than when the Germans were their masters.

Japan's pressure to the South begins with being economic and commercial, but where they once acquire a foothold it speedily assumes the character of a colonization. The new positions it has recently won in this region are of the first importance from a strategic standpoint. For instance, the Marshall islands possess harbors ample to accommodate in safety the largest war ships. Rumors are current from time to time that the Japanese have already investigated the capabilities of these islands as submarine bases. Of course such rumors are difficult to prove. However, we are already justified in saying that the provisions in the League of Nations mandate, by which the former German colonies were not to be fortified or used as military bases, are already a dead letter. Consequently the Australasian public was not surprised in the slightest when the Anglican Bishop of Melanesia recently stated in a public address, at a meeting in Wellington, in referring to the growing importance of his diocese, that he was informed that Great Britain was preparing to establish two important naval bases in the Solomon islands.

By occupying the former German colonies in Micronesia, the Japanese are in a position, in case of war, to cut the connections of the United States with the Philippines and the Hawaiian islands; for little Guam would be completely isolated. Therefore the defense of the Philippines must depend hereafter upon the British naval bases in Singapore and Hongkong. This makes the informal community of interest between the United States and Great Britain grow constantly closer; for it is absolutely essential to both powers that the safety of 'White Australia,' and the predominant influence of the white race in the Pacific should be guaranteed. This close community of interest constitutes to-day a much

more important factor in the Pacific question than the British Japanese alliance.

The United States also has important commercial interests in the Pacific and its western border lands, especially China. Therefore its government keeps postponing the proclamation of Philippine independence, believing that the people of that country could not long preserve their freedom, but would inevitably fall into the hands of Japan. This has become increasingly probable since the archipelago has been encircled on the North and East by Japan's recently acquired possessions. American newspapers do not overlook the fact that the Japanese already control hemp and sugar plantations in the Philippines. Indeed it is for this reason that the local legislature has tried to restrict the acquisition of land by foreigners. Once in possession of the Philippines, Japan would enclose the entire western coast of Asia by a chain of islands, and thus dominate practically all Asia and the western side of the Pacific ocean, or practically half the surface of the globe. That country can even to-day concentrate a large army in Formosa only two days from the Philippines, and whenever it wishes can throw a powerful force into the latter country.

So the Pacific question involves a struggle for supremacy between the yellow and the white race. The native populations of the Pacific islands are dying out, and have already lost any political importance they might have once possessed. So far as we can see to-day this contest will for the time being be fought only with economic and diplomatic weapons. If Japan should succeed in its propaganda of 'Asia for the Asiatics,' so as to secure a true community of action between itself and China, the fate of the white race on this half the globe would al-

ready be sealed; and Australia, which did not become white territory until the Nineteenth Century, would in the course of the next hundred years be converted into a yellow continent. Japan would be master of the whole Pacific ocean and would aid India to acquire independence. The British Empire could not survive the loss of these two territories and would fall to pieces. We should bear in mind that the interest of the white race in the Pacific is primarily the interest of Great Britain and Australasia. The only exclusively Pacific territories held by the white race are Australia and New Zealand. The United States has only commercial and territorial interests in this region; for its possessions there are inhabited mainly by native peoples. But the World War which America entered principally from racial sympathy with England, has created exceedingly intimate ties between these two branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock, the existence of which would make itself powerfully felt the moment White Australia was threatened by Japan.

Meantime, let us remember that the Indian question is closely tied up with the Pacific question. Natives of India reside in the Pacific territories. They are especially numerous in the Fiji islands, whither they have been imported to labor on the sugar plantations. They multiply rapidly and good observers say that within twenty years they will outnumber the natives in the latter archipelago, converting it into an outpost of their own country. Were a war to break out these Indians would naturally sympathize with the Japanese. Most people already know that the Indian nationalist movement has excellent connections in the Land of the Rising Sun. In case of a serious conflict this fact may have far reaching consequences, and is likely to prove a

much greater danger than the passing Bolshevik infection, which may run its course in a few years. The well-known Indian poet and philosopher, Rabin-dranath Tagore, personally visited Japan during the war and probably made a recognizance of the country. He could be proffered no aid officially, and returned from that country, as he did from America, considerably disillusioned. But the mere fact of his visit is significant. Tagore believes, as one of the Indian nationalist leaders, that Japan has a great mission in the East. He says in his work entitled 'Nationalism' that Japan, as the first Oriental power which has broken the barriers Europe has opposed to the progress of eastern nations, has become a beacon of hope for all the people of Asia, to which they look for their salvation.

As I said before, the struggle for the Pacific will be fought in the Orient. With this truth in view Japan's penetration of China, its tenacious retention of Shantung, its permanent occupation of Korea, its recent seizure of the Amur territories, its invasion of Mongolia, and its occupation of Manchuria, are well pondered measures to advance a definite and thought-out policy; a policy which may avenge itself bloodily upon the children of those who to-day are leaving Japan practically a free hand in the Orient.

It is reported that Clemenceau asked the Japanese Ambassador, Viscount Chinda, at the Paris conference, what Japan would demand in return for crushing the Bolshevik movement in Russia. The shrewd Japanese diplomat began by mentioning concessions in French Indo-China, another evidence that his government considers the occupation of strategic points along the coast of eastern Asia one of the most important preliminaries for increasing its power. However, Clem-

enceau was willing at that time to discuss only concessions in the North. Perhaps this conversation helps to explain why Japan is meeting no diplomatic resistance to its measures in eastern Siberia. In any case that territory is, we hope, only temporarily infected with Bolshevism; and if Japan is given concessions there or in China it may be with the object of diverting its attention from territories farther South. That may succeed for the moment, but it is no assurance for the future. We may say with fair certainty that every new point which Japan occupies on the eastern coast of Asia is another nail in the coffin of White Australia.

European and American diplomats seem to appreciate this, and they are secretly rejoiced at China's boycott against Japanese goods. Throughout the islands of the Pacific it is noticeable that the Chinese are more welcome than the Japanese, because they are less advanced in the modern sense and therefore less dangerous. A feeling exists that, in case of an eventual conflict with Japan, these people may help form a bridge to China, although as yet such an engagement is avoided.

Were we disposed to view the situation cynically — and the Paris conference illustrates the low level of modern diplomacy — we would have to admit that the World War, in which Europeans have so preposterously slaughtered each other, has seriously imperilled the predominance of the white race in both the Near East and the Far East; and that henceforth we can maintain that supremacy only by promoting mutual controversies and enmities among the eastern nations. The only question is, how long will the Orientals, who can boast of an older culture in many fields than their western masters, allow themselves to be thus beguiled?

[*The Outlook* (London Conservative Weekly), July 3]

II. *Japan, Britain, and China*

BY ANTHONY CLYNE

THE political history of Japan during the last fifty years, in its rapid and sure rise to the position of a Great Power both in the economic and political spheres, possesses no inconsiderable significance for us at this time, though its fundamental facts and their present implications receive no wide recognition.

The history of Japan previous to 1868 is of practically no importance from an international view-point. In 1868 came a revolution of which we are yet far from discerning the ultimate effects. To that original emergence of Japan into world politics the historian of the future may trace movements and events transcending in importance even the great war which has for its results an impoverished, a politically and socially unstable Europe, and a dubious League of Nations.

The three great politicians who did most to bring Western ideals and methods to Japan were Iwakura, Okubo, and Kido, and the history of modern Japan begins with the mission of which they were members to America and Europe in 1871, 'to study the institutions of other countries, their laws, commerce, and educational methods, as well as their naval and military systems.' The special embassy visited England with the intention of gaining sufficient knowledge of the British Constitution to construct that of their own country in accordance with its pattern. But the British Constitution was of traditional vagueness and elusiveness. 'We went to London to study the British Constitution,' said one of their states-

men, 'with the intention of taking it as our model, but we could not find it anywhere; so we had to go to Berlin, where they showed us, with great readiness, something that we could easily understand, for it was clear, logical, and set forth plainly in black and white.' Thus Japan moulded her political institutions on the lines of Prussian bureaucracy, with its restricted popular liberties, and Prussian ideals entirely captured the minds of the Japanese leaders. The German triumph of 1870 could not fail to be appreciated by the Japanese, and 'Blood and Iron,' Force and Efficiency, determined the course of political thought until 1895. Germans were numerous among the Occidental technical experts and eminent advisers whom Japan engaged in the task of national reorganization.

The Japanese were from their national character particularly disposed to be attracted by the success of the German gospel of might. A material victory gained by force they could appreciate. They are distinguished by a certain recklessness of bravery, contempt for death, delight in conflict, which found a kinship with the spirit of Prussia. There is also a spirit of self-effacement fostered by the old clan system which produced a lack of individuality analogous to the complete subordination of persons to the state which marked Prussianism. Their power of effective combination alone rendered possible their remarkable advance in political and economic power. They have also a faculty for careful attention to what may seem to the English temperament minute details, a regard for complete efficiency which is reminiscent of the German character. Japanese haughtiness may sometimes approximate to Prussian arrogance, and Japanese exclusiveness, the result

of centuries of carefully fostered hatred of foreigners, has some affinity to the extreme nationalism of Germany.

We can understand, therefore, why those principles, which we associate with reactionary influences in Europe, were adopted by Japan. The Germanization was thorough. The government was entirely bureaucratic, and not responsible to nor dependent upon the representatives elected by the enfranchised classes. In 1895 came the war with China, and while this served to establish yet more firmly the faith in national destiny, it also marked the decline of German influence. The Chino-Japanese War convinced Japan of the necessity of acquiring sea-power, and this, together with the recognition of common political aims with Britain as regards Russia, led Japan inevitably to desire an understanding with us. Both Japan and Britain looked upon the growing Eastern influence of Russia with anxiety. It threatened both the safety of Japan and that of our Eastern possessions. In 1904 came the Russo-Japanese War, which was the fulfilment of a long antagonism, followed by a firm renewal of the Anglo-Japanese treaty signed two years earlier.

The effect of the waning of German influence can be detected in the internal politics of Japan. Count Okuma, who is before all others the great democrat among the statesmen of modern Japan, in 1898 attempted to discard the Prussian bureaucratic system of government for that of government by parties with a cabinet on party lines, in accordance with the example of Britain. The reform, however, was premature, and though by no means a negligible advance in the direction of democratic government was accomplished by an extension of the franchise and other

political rights, it was found necessary to revert to the bureaucratic system, with a 'Cabinet of Affairs.' In 1913 another attempt at party government was made by Count Okuma, who continued to be the chief figure in politics until 1916, when Count Teruchi succeeded him. Then, in 1918, Mr. Hara formed a cabinet, and Japan is now ruled on democratic lines by a system of party government on the British model, under the premiership of a man not of noble birth. This latter fact is a symptom of the total change in Japanese politics. For the first time a citizen who can claim no nobility of descent is the most powerful man in Japan.

Now the present significance of Japanese politics for us is her relationship to China. The Germans are not going to allow their influence in China to lapse without a struggle. A correspondent of the present writer at Tientsin writes that there are unmistakable signs of German efforts to reestablish commercial relationships in China, and these efforts have every appearance of being systematically organized by a central directorate inspired and possibly financed by the German government. We must determine our attitude on this question. Japan, having entirely thrown off German influence and entertaining for us a friendship based on identity of interests and well tested, is taking her place not merely among the Great Powers, but among the Great Democracies of the world. By all her history she is entitled to become the great emancipator of China. Why should we not welcome her as such? The Marquis Saionji has returned from Versailles to a nation conscious of their greatness in the future and smarting under a sense of injustice. The League of

Nations was loyally accepted by all classes of opinion in Japan. In no single point did they swerve from complete loyalty to us during the long struggle terminated by the Peace Treaty. The Japanese seem to be destined by every indication of history to become the agents of a great synthesis in the Far East. Let us assure Japan of our good wishes in this, for every consideration leads us to become her ally and not her opponent in this mission.

There is room for two Great Powers in the East—Britain and Japan—and the interest of both is to co-operate in the enlightenment and development of China. We do not overlook the difficulty of the American attitude toward Japan, but this is not an insoluble problem. Rather would a Far Eastern synthesis controlled by Japan tend to decrease its importance.

[*Japan Advertiser* (Tokyo American Daily), July 27]

III. *Our Narikin Nation*

BY SAITO MAN

JAPAN is said to have become a newly rich nation—a little narikin among the nations. The word narikin is always given such contemptuous utterance, that when Japan is spoken of as a narikin, no compliment is intended. Narikins are flush with money; have no culture; and their thoughts are vulgar. At least we think so, especially those of us who may be styled 'the new poor' who 'have known better days.'

There is no doubt that many new narikins are begotten by the war, and there is much clamor against them on the part of the old rich and the new poor as well as the perpetually poor. But when they come to think of it,

they will discover this obvious fact that there are but few men in Japan at all identified with its aristocracy who in the close analysis are not narikins in one sense or another. Nearly all the great, or so-called representative, men of Japan, from the Genro in the political world to the magnates in the mercantile field, are men who have climbed from the bottom of the ladder. Marquis Okuma, Prince Yamagata, Mr. Hara, and all the members of the Privy Council, and the Lords of the Upper House, the Mitsuis, the Iwasakis, Kuhara, Shibusawa, Yasuda and Okura were sixty years ago perfect nonentities or strugglers in the nether world of impecuniosity and adversity. If it is not disrespectful to refer to the Imperial Household in connection with such matters, it is historical fact known to all school children that the Emperor himself is the offspring of an illustrious new-rich. The Royalty of the Imperial Court in Kyoto were spoken of as 'My Lord Beggar.' Thus the Meiji Tenno was born to a poor family, and the physical hardships suffered by the august members of the Royalty owing to the scanty budget allowed by the Tokugawa Shogunate, were not concealed from popular knowledge. The Meiji Tenno, however, died the wealthiest man in the Empire, in the best sense of the word.

One of the common foreign delusions about Japan is to think that she is only a very old country, and neglect the other half-side of the truth that she is a very young country, younger than even the United States. No nation on earth is youthful in a strict sense, not even Poland or Czecho-Slovakia. But in the sense of a young nation being a reborn and reinvigorated nation, Japan is probably one of the youngest on earth.

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Just as the Americans separated from the English-speaking Britons 150 years ago and became new, so did Japan separate from the old Japan of the Shogun and samurai, and became new in 1868. The process of this rebirth is described in our school text books as 'Restoration' for political reasons, but it was every bit a revolution. We have inheritances from the old Japan, as every country has recognized from its ancients, but as a Power in the comity of nations, Japan is entirely a new narikin.

One dominant characteristic of an upstart nation, like Japan, is the ultra-spiritedness and super-ambitiousness of its younger generation. An offspring of an old aristocrat or a plutocrat of an old lineage is generally modest and humble in his outlook on life; he worships at the shrines of his great ancestors, and concentrates his ambition upon the care of his inherited wealth or prestige; seldom does he aim to rise to a greater height than that attained by the ancients. After Confucius, 3000 years ago, no Chinese ever became half as great as he! But in a new nation the examples of nonentities having burst into celebrities are so numerous and so conspicuous everywhere that it is no wonder that the whole of the new generation should labor under the sense of their own importance as candidates for future greatness.

Thousands of Okumas and Shibusawas who were mere patriots with no means but their energy and imagination sixty years ago, form the summit of Japanese society now, and are actually moving among us and preaching to us the doctrine of ambition, and the precept that 'the will is the way.' This is clearly reflected in the text books for little children. Instead of encouraging civic virtues, or preaching the need of making orderly

progress along the road of civilization, the text books teem with examples of successful narikinism, inciting young people to the heroic exertions of the 'Peerage or Westminster Abbey' variety.

Such inculcations are apt to work mischief undreamed of by our educators. The advice 'kill, kill, kill,' may prove an excellent aid to victory in war, but the same advice is not calculated to foster thrift and industry in peace. The heroic doctrine prevalent in early Meiji, typified by the popular song then in vogue that 'Conquer in the loyal cause; to be defeated is to become a traitor,' may have given the needed inspiration to youths of early Meiji; but preached to-day, it has its dangers because in an ordered society where there is liberty and respect for the liberty of others, we are not to push our way, but wait patiently till our turn comes.

Behold the scenes of struggle for the survival of the fittest daily, nay, hourly, witnessed at Tokyo's railway stations and tramcar stops, where the people at the back of a waiting crowd cannot wait till those nearest the entrance get in, or outcoming passengers get out, but they must all and everybody push and elbow frantically, everyone anxious to 'get in first.'

Some push straight from behind and others sideways, trying to sneak in by short cuts; all struggling and agitating by all means of force and cunning. They have not yet learned, as they have in London and New York, how simple, quick and easy it is, if they form themselves into a long queue, each new arrival adding himself to the end of a string and quietly waiting for his turn. In a country democratically administered, where all have equal rights for equal outlay of duty and sacrifice, and have equal opportunity and liberty of action, the civic quality of queue-forming must be sedulously taught and encouraged.

In a narikin nation like ours we cannot help retaining some tangible signs of having recently emerged from obscurity, but I hope this is but another passing phenomenon, characteristic of the transient stage of civilization we are in. What I seriously fear is that the Japanese as a people may be tempted to adopt the same pushing policy in the arena of the world's competition, instead of being content to wait at the end of a queue. But her conduct, rash and uncivilized, may not be altogether unjustified in her own eyes, unless or until she enjoys perfect liberty of action and equal opportunity of success upon the face of the earth.

[*Freiheit* (Berlin Independent Socialist Daily), August 7]

THE WAR WITH POLAND. II

BY KARL RADEK

FROM a tactical standpoint we must first of all avoid two errors. We must not encourage Russian chauvinism and hatred for everything Polish. We are not making war upon the Polish people. We are not only in complete accord with the working classes of Poland, whom we are rendering an immense service when we destroy the White guardists of their country, but we appeal directly to the sympathy of the Polish proletariat and try to convince it that its interests lie in revolting in our favor behind the Polish front. We must show the Polish proletariat that Soviet Russia is defending not only the attainments of the Russian Revolution, the soil, the factories, and the other physical property of Russian workingmen, but also that it is the main supporter of a world revolution, and that the Polish proletariat with Soviet Russia as a neighbor will be ten times as strong when it revolts as if Russia were not there.

Do we imperil this fundamental aspect of our agitation, when we preach that this is a war for Russian independence; when we assert that we are employing in this war every available source of aid, not primarily to defend the Soviet government and Communism, but to defend the independence of Russia? He who raises this question under-estimates our strength. We are the ruling party. We control the government, the press, and propaganda at the front and behind the front. We are the only power with a unified and consistent ideology. We are the represen-

tatives of the common interests of the working people of Russia. We have no reason to fear that we will not be able to utilize all kinds of assistance without incurring the risk of having the opinion of others imposed upon us. To fancy otherwise would be ridiculous. What have we to fear? That the old nationalist instincts will revive in our breasts, that a flood of chauvinism will sweep us off our feet? There are men of bourgeois and of noble lineage in our ranks in whose breasts nationalist enthusiasm may again revive. But the vast majority of our powerful proletarian party is immune to such a sentiment.

We are threatened rather by another danger: that we may not be able in the bitter struggle we are facing to utilize to the best advantage the honest patriotic instincts which inspire both the common people of Russia and that large section of the educated classes, which hitherto has been opposed to us, not on social grounds but because it considered us a disintegrating element in the Russian nation. The peasant was no patriot so long as he was under the Tsar's yoke and owned no land. The Revolution bestowed land and rights upon him. He feels that now, since he has a title to the soil, he is also obligated to be patriotic, and he recognizes that it is his duty to defend his home. It is harder to persuade him to go to war to secure the international objects of the Russian Revolution than it is to defend his country. We would be political idiots to neglect the argument: 'Now you've got a farm of your

own, it is your duty to defend it'; or were we to appeal to him solely with the argument that his cause and the cause of Polish laborers of whom he has scarcely heard, or of the White Russian peasants, are identical. The Russian working classes were consciously anti-patriotic when the bourgeoisie ruled the country, and patriotism was synonymous with sacrificing the interests of the working man to the interests of the upper classes. But the laborer is obligated to be patriotic when he is his own ruler, and when as a citizen of the Russian nation he shares responsibility for its fate. The Russian laborer is an internationalist; but in this war there is no distinction and no contradiction between our patriotic and our international objects. All the workers throughout the whole world should be Russian patriots in the present war, for Russia is the only country where the working classes are the real government. Should we refuse to take advantage of the proletarian sympathies of some of the educated classes, and of the old imperial officers who wish to help us? Were we to do that we would merely prove that our working men's government was incompetent to lead a revolution. Every revolution requires that the men who control it shall be capable of employing the aid of other classes who volunteer their assistance, and to secure this aid not by compulsion alone but by appealing to the reason and sentiment of those classes.

The working class is the ruling class in Russia. It has crushed the power of bourgeois reactionaries. It is obligated to enlist on its side all the strength it can gain from the bourgeoisie, and to rally to its banners reinforcements which will hasten the victory of the world revolution. It is helping the international revolution by defending the unity and independence of its own country. It can be patriotic because

its land is the first and only land where the world proletariat has won a victory.

Looking at the Russian-Polish war in this light, there is no doubt but what the balance of right is entirely on our side. Wearied as the Red army is, justly as it wishes peace, it is an army of peasants led by working men. It is an army organized in the interests of the workers and peasants, ready to fight in defense of Soviet Russia. It is an army in which there are no class distinctions; in which soldiers do not feel that they are fighting in a foreign cause. On the other hand, the Polish army consists mostly of peasants to whom the great landlords of Poland have denied the right to possess the soil. Although the Polish Parliament may have passed a resolve in favor of dividing up the great estates, that half-way law has never been put into effect. So in Poland the great landlord still rides on the neck of the peasant, and the latter hates him from the bottom of his heart. In addition there are rural laborers in the Polish army, organized into rural laborers' unions, which are agitating vigorously everywhere in Poland for their rights. Thirdly, there are working men in the Polish army, who regard the Polish government as their enemy. They are working men whom the government is persecuting, and with whom it has filled every prison in the land.

The Entente has forgotten the lesson which it received when it backed Denikin's war. In 1919 it tried to erect a front against Soviet Russia so as to encircle us on every side. Poland was to be the keystone of that front. Why, then, did n't the Poles attack us when Denikin held Orel? If the Poles had invaded our country when Yudenich was but six miles from Petrograd and Denikin held Orel, and when the Poles themselves were in possession of every important strategic city on our western border — if they had marched then we

might have been overthrown. Why did n't the Poles then fly to Denikin's help? There is no question but what their political sympathies were with him. They did not move because they knew that if these old generals of the Tsar won the war, they would seize Poland again and start a new imperialist campaign on every side. *So the Poles, who then stood armed and ready, started secret negotiations with us Bolsheviks and promised us not to advance beyond a definite line.* What is the case to-day? I have read a letter which General Brussiloff addressed to the Soviet government. Now everyone knows that Brussiloff is no Communist, and that he has nothing in common with Soviet Russia; but in this letter he underlines the statement that the territories which the Poles demanded have always been 'Orthodox.' Why then did Brussiloff enter our service? Remember, this is the Brussiloff who never considered for a moment helping us to fight Denikin. The thing is as plain as day. The moment the Entente backed up the Polish reactionaries, it made implacable enemies of the Russian reactionaries. The Soviet government is defending the unity and independence of the territory inhabited by the Russian nation. Consequently, sincere and honorable reactionaries regard it as a government defending the independence of Russia. It is possible that General Brussiloff hopes to get rid of us later. It is possible that all the old imperialist generals who are fighting shoulder to shoulder with us to-day have some such idea in the back of their heads. But it goes without saying that these gentlemen, so far as they are honorable men, can have nothing to do with the Entente. For these gentlemen waged civil war against us not only in the name of the bourgeoisie and the Russian aristocrats, but likewise in the name of Rus-

sian nationalism. And the Entente, who up to that time regarded us as a little handful of adventurers who had seized power by force, is now helping us to become a national government around which is rallying every Russian who desires to defend the independence of his country. The conservative social revolutionaries, in a letter addressed to our central executive committee, which is soon to be published in full, brand Savinkoff and Burtzeff as traitors. They declare to the Entente and Poland that the hopes those powers cherish of winning the support of 'Russian democracy' are vain; that this democracy is a unit in its resolve to fight Polish aggression to the death. What does that mean? It means an immense reinforcement for us.

Of course there are extreme reactionaries who would sell Russia to Poland. Yes, there are even men like that. Wherever you have civil war you have men ready to commit treason. You know that the leaders of the Cadet party, Filosatom and Merechovski, have stated openly to the Poles: 'Come to Moscow; we will kill the fattest calf for you'; but such scoundrels can never assemble an army. Denikin, Kolchak and Yudenich were able to hold their followers only so long as the multitude honestly believed that in fighting us they were fighting for their country. If the Entente drives into our camp the honorable counter revolutionary element of our people, whose aid we accept with necessary precaution but whom we will permit to join us in our fight against Poland; and if the Entente furthermore places its dependence solely upon the Poles and purchasable Russian patriots like the treasonable traitors I have just described, they will squander millions and millions in their futile effort without doing us serious harm. These purchasable Russian patriots are not per-

sonally endangered. They prefer safe posts behind the line to fighting in the trenches. In backing the Polish war the Entente has merely supplied us with a large number of trained specialists, whose services strengthen the Red army. We are grateful for this, for these specialists are very useful.

What is our object in this war? The Soviet government was ready to make concessions to the Poles. The Soviet government desires to live in peace, even with a reactionary Poland, although it knows that you can never make an honorable peace with a robber, and that a robber will never talk of an honorable peace until he is on his back and the knee of the man he would rob is upon his breast. In that predicament he cries: 'Will you kill an unarmed man?' The German imperialists, after robbing us of everything they could lay hands on, whined at Versailles for an 'honorable peace.' When we tried to make peace with Poland we were ready to cede that country part of White Russia, and perhaps even part of Volhynia. We were willing to do this because we knew that revolutionary agitation was growing in Poland and that the working classes there would shortly get control of the government in any case and liberate the peasants of Lithuania and White Russia. Our project was to spare the blood of the workers and peasants of Russia and the Ukraine, and also to avoid the ravages which a campaign would inflict upon the property of the peasants in Lithuania and White Russia. The intention of Bolshevik government in this war is solely to protect its territories against Polish aggression. We are fighting a defensive war in the full sense of the word. At the present moment we will not state officially our terms. We do not say that we will make peace only with a Soviet Poland, with a government of the Polish work-

ing men and peasantry; for if our military successes should force the Polish reactionary government to conclude peace with us — naturally under other conditions than we made in March — we would make such a peace, in order to get back to our more urgent tasks at home. If, however, the Polish reactionary government forces upon us a war of life and death, it will involve such sacrifices on the part of the common people of Poland itself that they will at last come to the conviction: 'We must abolish this criminal clique of Polish landlords and capitalists, who are unwilling to have a peace of any kind with Soviet Russia.' If a reactionary Poland utterly refuses to be a peaceful neighbor of Soviet Russia, then the existence of a reactionary Poland becomes impossible. Polish workers and peasants will learn their strength in the course of such a war, and however stern the pressure which the government maintains upon them, however bitter the persecution which they are made to suffer by their rulers, there is not the slightest doubt but what when hundreds of thousands of Polish peasants and laborers have been sent to the front they will insist on having the deciding word. In the war the Communists will seize the leadership of the working classes, and the final settlement will be a Soviet government; not a government forced upon the people by the bayonets of the Red army, but a government which will welcome the Red army as liberators at the border of their country.

We do not assert that the Soviet authorities are having an easy time. We know that in view of our industrial demoralization, the wrecked state of our transportation system, and our general exhaustion, we have a most difficult task before us. For this reason the Communists will make their utmost efforts in this war, so that they

may end it as quickly as possible and secure a peaceful neighbor on the west — a neighbor which will not separate us from the working classes of Western Europe, but will be a neighbor in deed as well as word, and will live with us in sincere peace and harmony.

[*Warshavskoye Slovo* (Russian Daily Newspaper), published in Warsaw]

FROM MY NEPHEW IN MOSCOW

BY ARKADY BOUKHOFF

SEVERAL days ago I received a letter from my nephew in Russia. In view of the fact that this letter has distinct social and political value, I am publishing it in full.

My dear Uncle, I am now eight years of age, and I am just as grown up as my grandmother. Only just now I am in an awful trouble. The other day the parents were abrogated by a decree, and now I don't know what to do with papa and mamma, whether to call them by their family name, or simply register my protest against them and move my bed to another room. On the other hand, papa is now considered property of the state, so that if I cause him any trouble, it will be like damaging state property. He was recently militarized and ordered to engage in some useful occupation, for which his specialty fits him. Since he was a lawyer before, he has now been set to work scrubbing floors or painting signs in the municipal stores.

Everything is very jolly in our house now. Our second floor is occupied by a correspondent of an English paper, who sends articles about Russia to London. For this reason, the staircase in our house is sprinkled with perfume every day, and the house committee puts roses

and violets near his door, while the janitor keeps four militarized and numbered nightingales which are compelled to sing when the correspondent wakes up. In the evening, we are ordered to sing songs, dance, and play, so that the English correspondent would see how happy we are, how nice everything is, and how satisfied we are with the government. Mamma says that she gets very tired because she has to sing until midnight without anything to eat. But I like it very much, because grandmother has been ordered to dance on the staircase landing in front of the correspondent's door.

'She is a very jolly old woman,' he said once. 'Over in England we have n't any old women who can dance like that.'

Papa says that the correspondent wrote a large article for his paper on the subject of 'The Old Generation and the Soviet Régime.' Now grandmother is sick, the article was reprinted in all the newspapers, and papa was reprimanded in the regional Soviet for not having another grandmother around the house to dance on Tuesdays.

My dear Uncle, I am all grown up now, but I still don't know what trade relations are. Please write me about this. When I read the papers I see those words all the time, but I cannot understand them. They also speak of typhus and of agitation literature. What are those things? Are they raw materials or manufactured goods? And if we send them to the other countries, what will they send us for them? Will it be clothes or bread? Papa says that I am foolish and that I don't understand anything. But I understand everything. Last week, for example, they asked me in school:

'Do the Chinese have a religion?'

'Yes, they smoke it.'

'Why do you think so?'

'Isn't there a sign on every wall which says, "Religion is opium for the people"?''

The teacher wanted to give me a poor mark, but I told him that I would vote against him at the next election. He was so frightened that he began to cry and told me about his wife and children. So I took pity on him and just told him to stand in the corner.

Aunt Lisa wanted to get married recently, but she could not get an order for a man from the Department of Supplies. She says that she is afraid there will be no orders for bridegrooms and rubber shoes issued until August. Mamma said the other day that Aunt got mixed up with some Chinaman, and papa got very angry. But Aunt Lisa says,

'There is nothing bad about that. A Chinaman is a good thing around the house. If we have to be shot, it might as well be done by a good friend.'

Recently there was a parade here, and it was really a pretty sight. Of the Russian troops, there were detachments of the Bashkir cavalry, of the Buryat cavalry and of the Tunguz* infantry. We were also told to march, two in line, but some of us were not used to that and fell down a good deal. Then in the afternoon the Commissar came up and said that that was all right.

'That's the way the boys are sometimes,' he said. 'They are not weaklings. They'll march along a little, and then they'll die. It happens that way when you are starving.'

Then he went off to have his dinner.

You can feel the spring everywhere in the city, but papa says that we are not going to the country this year.

* The Bashkirs, the Buryats and the Tunguzes are the aboriginal uncivilized tribes of Eastern Russia and Siberia, pressed into military service by the Soviet government for the defense of Communism.

We are going to stay in the city and wait for the cholera. It must be very interesting, because papa says that then all the frontiers will be closed and nobody will be able to touch us. Everybody says that this is our greatest hope now. Papa was so pleased the other day that he said with tears in his eyes,

'That's our national weapon. We invented it ourselves.'

If you are going to write to me, Uncle, don't forget that everything is now officially called red. It is Red Petrograd, Red Moscow, Red general. We are so used to this that the other day, when a militiaman came into our yard and wanted to steal one of our hens, father shouted at him from the window:

'You red idiot! Let my red hen alone.'

The militiaman just waved his red hand, and went back to the red street. Our red cook says that she knows this militiaman, and that now he will have to eat a red dinner to-day, made of a red herring.

Please, dear Uncle, come and visit with us.

If you are still afraid, I'll send you a clipping from an English newspaper, which describes beautifully how nice things are around here. The attitude toward the Intelligentsia is entirely different now. At least papa says so. However, the other day he said that now we have an attitude, but there is no Intelligentsia. I cannot understand what he meant by that. Anyway, he has gotten to be so strange. The other day he put his hand on my head and said:

'You are a good boy. I hope you will die this summer, and it will be easier for papa to work. There will be one mouth less to feed.'

But I cannot understand why it will be easier for him to work. Is it

so hard for a lawyer to scrub floors? Uncle Sasha is a writer, but he makes fine straw chairs and does not complain.

Good-bye, Uncle, and many kisses.

Dont you think that it is a very strange letter? Of course, I do not believe a word that this youngster says. How can he understand that some three or four hundred years will go by and then everything will be splendid? He is simply too lazy to wait, the rascal.

[*L'Echo de Paris* (Jingo-Clerical Daily),
June 8]

SPRING IN ALGIERS

BY RENÉ BAZIN

FROM the deck of our steamer I scan not only the City of Algiers and the broad coastline trending eastward to Cape Matifou, but turning westward my eyes catch glimpses of the highland country of the Kabyles. Those lofty peaks, whose rugged heights turn yellow in the declining sunlight, attract me. So later, when friends propose to take me in an automobile to the station of the White Fathers, some thousand meters above the sea beyond Fort National, I accept. For two days there has been snow in the mountains. Can we get through? We telephone and receive a favorable reply. A thaw has set in. If the wind keeps in the present direction the snow will have disappeared by day after tomorrow, except for an isolated drift here and there in the shady spots on the northern mountain slopes.

While waiting I spend my time roaming about the city, sure of meeting some one with a fund of interesting memories from the days of his adventurous youth in Africa, one of

those men who live on the coast but constantly dream of the desert. Fortune favored me. I had hardly left the tram car in Government Square before a retired artillery officer beckoned to me. What should we talk about unless it were the throng in Moorish cloaks which surrounded us and jostled us? Men whose costumes never change while the fashion of our apparel goes through a thousand transformations with the succeeding seasons.

My Algerian friend said: 'We are apt to fancy that these primitive natives are dazzled by our inventions. We could not make a bigger mistake. They have no desire either to understand them or to imitate them. Their only reaction is to imagine some simple, primitive explanation for them and that is enough. They travel on tramways and steamships, and use typewriters and telegraphs as though it were the most normal thing in the world. Do you know what they think an aeroplane is? A tent blown by the wind. And wireless telegraphy? A way we have discovered of blowing the wind from one point to another. And an automobile? I will merely give you the explanation I have received a dozen times or more. These Moors have lively imaginations. "Do you see those long iron boxes running on wheels? Well, that thing in front is a tight prison; they never open it. The French have locked inside fire spirits. You can tell that easily. Can't you hear them beating them? They are beating those spirits to make them work!"'

We strolled along the quays, watching the harbor where tugs and despatch boats are constantly passing. Some fifteen British naval vessels are there spotting dimly the bright blue waters of the Mediterranean with their gray forms. My companion doesn't enjoy the sight of this naval

display, which contrasts painfully with the picture offered by our own war vessels, neglected, unpainted, and ill-found, like poor relations by the side of their prosperous cousins. But, gentlemen, that will not continue. We have played a very respectable part in the world of late. With such comments, he takes me off to a little café, which I at first suspect is his favorite camping ground, but I am mistaken.

He explains: 'I am going to introduce you to a tribesman from Morocco who has come here to market his goods. He is a date merchant and the oasis where he lives disposes of its crop here. They open their gardens to us, but their hearts remain locked.'

In the obscurity of a little low room filled with customers in woolen caps, fezes, or white head bands laced with cords of camelhide, he points out a swarthy-visaged, gray-bearded man who is sitting with his eyes half closed. We approach and interrupt his dreamy mental siesta. His eyes open and although his features retain their composed expression I am conscious that his glance pierces me as sharply as a rapier. At the first words of my friend, who speaks Arab fluently, he purses his lips thoughtfully, and extends his fingers toward me without moving his arm, which reclines on the table.

While three minute cups of coffee are being placed in front of us, and my friend discusses the price of dates with the man from Morocco, and the two revive several reminiscences as they slowly sip their coffee, I discover that I have in front of me a shrewd, alert-minded man, possessing an intellect sharpened and refined by long meditation,—a man of deep sentiment, although that sentiment is expressed in a restrained and lowly modulated voice, and though his

expression would be one of complete detachment were his feelings not revealed continually by the fire in his eyes. The officer translates to me their conversation, of which I will give a few extracts:

'You complain because the French have invaded the oasis. However, they are protecting you from the attacks of the nomads.'

'At the price of our liberty.'

'They have built roads.'

'We have no vehicles, any road is good enough for us.'

'But a railway has been constructed near the oasis.'

'It carries cannon.'

'But it carries other things. You used to have only barley. We have brought you wheat, tea, sugar, and many other new things.'

'Quite true, but our fathers lived as long as we do and they never complained. Our wives formerly had sugar in their tea only once a month, and were content; and now they want it every day, and we have to work harder. The fact is, you merely have brought us new wants and new cares.'

'Your children will not think so.'

'They are too young for us to be sure of that.'

I was learning something I had already suspected, that a mere improvement in physical conditions does not make people happy.

The wind had continued from the southeast so we left on the day we planned for the Kabyle country. The journey is a long one, across three political departments and through three distinct kinds of country. First we traveled over the coastal lowland. It is a land of great estates. The plain is dotted with tenant houses in little clumps of trees. Great vineyards appear, whose long rows of vines lose themselves in the distance in an indistinguishable mass of foliage. Next

we come to the foothills. Trees disappear, the declivities become more numerous. Our altitude increases. The grain fields make a green band along the borders of the river. The hillocks are cultivated to the very top without leaving any waste land for thickets. The young oats and wheat have thrust their spears through the spring soil like a legion of warriors. Then we cross the river, and the ascent at once becomes steeper. Our driver is skilled and experienced, and the view is enchanting. We pass enormous motor-busses packed with journeying Kabyles; some are constantly dismounting and others taking their places. We are coming to a more thickly populated district. Groups of farmers are returning to their villages after the day's toil. The latter are built like fortresses to resist the attacks of hostile tribes; and cap the sharp peaks with their compacted mass of yellow houses like pineapples. On either side the route the slopes of the mountains are a continuous fruit garden. At this season these are still yellow, for the countless fig trees have not yet put forth their leaves. Neither have the grapevines. The latter are never pruned and intertwine in dense confusion. Here and there an olive grove patterns the landscape. Little fields of barley on narrow terraces make bars of brilliant emerald in the scheme of paler colors. High above all, on the crest of Djurjura, a trace of snow is left as a witness of the recent storm.

We arrive rather late at the hospital of Sainte-Eugenie. Here the country is more sparsely settled. I notice some convalescents returning from a walk. They salute us by lifting their hands to their foreheads like our soldiers. I am told that there are many Kabyle women among the patients, but rather

fewer men. They are quite willing to come to the hospital for treatment. Mussulmen and Christians live in peace, and throughout this country there are scattered Christian families among the natives. We visited several establishments of the White Sisters and the White Fathers in this vicinity, and have been truly surprised at what they have accomplished in the way of introducing French customs and ideas among the common people.

The chamber assigned me looked out over a precipice into a deep chasm immediately below; so profound was the silence that it made me wakeful. I went to the window. It was screened by the leafless branches of a walnut tree. The opposite slope of the mountain seemed like an Oriental rug hung in the distance, with the pattern indistinguishable in the dim light. But the moon was rising and the air that filled the valley was luminous with its diffused rays.

Next day we explored the district. I saw some sixty meters above me groups of women coming down to a fountain, or returning to a neighboring village. They used a trail which they alone are permitted to travel at certain hours of the day. They wear no veils. Most of them were clothed in robes of light red fabric carelessly worn. Around their heads a coil of knotted cloth, sometimes white and other times red and yellow or old gold. It would have been a pretty sight — but alas, we must bid farewell to the amphora. The Kabyle women are not devoid of grace; but when they rise from the fountain and poise their heads and place their hands on their hips to steady their burdens it is not a graceful jar whose classic design completes the picture. They carry water nowadays in square, tin kerosene cans.

[*Manchester Guardian* (Liberal Daily), August 8]

THE GERMANY OF TO-DAY

[The following interesting account of present-day life in middle-class Germany is written by a lady who has just returned to England after spending nearly six weeks in Frankfort. Throughout her visit she stayed in private houses, so that she was more in touch with the domestic life of the people than is possible for the ordinary newspaper correspondent, who is generally restricted to hotels for his accommodation.]

ALL the evil conditions which have resulted from the war, and which we are deploring here, exist in Germany, only to a far greater degree. The high cost of living and the consequent under-feeding, the social unrest and the strikes, the shortage of coal and its results, the disproportion of pay for manual and intellectual work, the profiteering, the superficiality and immorality, the unemployment, the housing and the servant problem, the shortage of raw materials and goods of all kinds, which we know in England, can be multiplied by two, by ten, or even by twenty to represent the conditions in Germany. There is not actually much to tell that is new in kind; but the effect which a disorder of such dimensions has on people's lives is different; and with this effect, necessarily not a good one, we are concerned for two reasons. We want to face these facts in order to mitigate some of the suffering of thousands of innocent people as far as we are able, and, secondly, in order to avoid similar suffering in our country by taking timely measures.

From the steps taken to solve the housing problem, for instance, we might learn something ourselves. No person in Germany is allowed to have two houses for his own use. There is also in most towns a proper system of billeting homeless people on those

who have any spare room at all. Frankfort is one of the towns in which this is carried through most strictly, owing to the great influx of Alsatian refugees and of students to the university founded there just before the war. There is hardly a middle or upper class family which has no stranger living under the same roof. In the case of big houses a whole story has to be given up, and is converted into one or more flats. People living in flats have to give up the attics belonging to them, and should the flat be larger than the size of the family actually requires, even rooms within the flat have to be ceded. No spare rooms are allowed. Visitors must go to hotels, provided they can find room there.

These measures, though not yet completed, are carried out very thoroughly. Committees visit every house, of which they have exact plans, and decide on the number of rooms which have to be given up. Neither age nor illness is taken into account. A reasonable rent is paid for the rooms taken and an allowance is made for necessary alterations and for the putting in of stoves and kitchen ranges; for the lodgers cannot demand the right of using the kitchen and bathroom of the owner, though it is often granted by private arrangement. In cases where circumstances and social

standing allow it, the lodger becomes a boarder to simplify matters. This upsetting of the home and family life, with its many complications, is the despair of the housewives; for those who were not wise enough to choose their lodgers themselves in good time often get the most unpleasant people thrust upon them, and must live with them in daily fear for such of their property as is accessible to the unwelcome guest. It may seem hard not to be master in one's own house any more, but these drastic measures are justified by the necessity of providing homes for the thousands of refugees, for the young married couples, and for all those who cannot make their living in the country.

But the greatest problem which each family has to face is how to find the means of livelihood, to keep pace with the ever-rising cost of living. There, as here, the wages of the working-class have gone up tremendously, and a certain class of business men is doing extremely well. But, there, as here, the salaries of professional men have risen very little, and though the government is trying to help them by grants, salaries cannot keep step with the extraordinary rise of prices. When, to give an instance, the price of a necessity such as fat can rise from 15.50 marks in October to 28 marks in February, and when many articles rise to double their former prices in a few months' time, it is too much to expect any small fixed income to be elastic enough to meet the case. If salaries and wages have risen to allow at least of some approximation of income to expenditure, those dependent on pensions and the interest on a small capital, ample enough before the war to assure a comfortable life to an old couple or a maiden lady, are now absolutely unable to maintain their former standard of living. All such

people, and practically all professional men and officials, are now living on their capital, and where the capital is small, are viewing the future with great anxiety. There are many respectable families who are slowly selling all their silver, and will not know what to do when the last spoon has gone.

It is very sad to see this class of people going under, for it is going under by degrees, and may disappear entirely to make room for the new society. These *nouveaux pauvres* were the true citizens who most conscientiously obeyed the heavy restrictions laid down in the rationing laws, and who were the last to break those laws when it was no longer possible to keep alive on the rations alone and when every other class had long taken to providing food by more or less illicit ways. They were the ones who gave up every silver and gold coin and all their brass ornaments and pans while others hid them. They were the ones who invested their money in war loan, to save their country, and many a faithful servant with them who will have lost the earnings of a hard life. Is it surprising to find decent people bitter and cynical when they see how virtue is punished and selfishness rewarded, how only those who hoarded food and managed to eat more than their share have kept in good health, how those who hid their coins now get far more than the former value for them?

There is now a sort of freemasonry between these *nouveaux pauvres*, who even talk of wearing some badge to show that, though they can no longer afford to wear good clothes, to go to theatres and concerts, they yet lay claim to belong to the educated class as distinguished from those *nouveaux riches* who as yet have not acquired the simplest forms of behaviour.

There are a good many humorous stories current about the lack of manners of people even in the highest positions. This change of society is very visible in any theatre, while the concert public is not quite so changed, concerts being still comparatively cheap and appealing to a higher standard of education. The cost of intellectual pleasures has not risen in proportion with the rest. A seat in the stalls of the Frankfort theatres can be got for ten marks, a stall at the opera costs about twenty marks. Books are rapidly getting scarcer owing to the shortage of paper and the cost of production. The quality of the paper is very poor, though what can be done with paper is shown by the coverings in railway carriages, hardly distinguishable from a strong linen material. The average cost of a book is fifteen to twenty marks.

The old middle class is dying out, for the health of thousands is undermined through years of underfeeding. Their minds are depressed and worried by the daily struggle for life and the dark outlook, and every disease that breaks out, notably the influenza, which is again very rampant, takes a heavy toll of life. The new middle class which is springing up so rapidly consists mostly of what is known as the *Schieber*, the profiteer. Be the small business man, workman, or Jew, he knows how to take advantage of the abnormal conditions created by the rate of exchange and the shortage of food and other articles. Though he may not actually do an illegal thing, he acts in an extremely selfish and unpatriotic manner. His only excuse is that the temptation is very great, so great indeed that it is difficult for even the very highest-principled merchant to resist the slow poison of selfishness which permeates the whole life of the nation. Only if

one has seen the moral effect produced by years of suffering and privation on respected and self-respecting people can one judge the sad results with some fairness. The loftiest-minded man had to come down to things material, and now talks of food and prices like the rest. The unselfish have become selfish and the selfish have become more so. The saddest change in the German people seemed thus to be this general lowering of the moral standard directly caused by the hunger blockade.

Needless to say that crime in every shape is rampant. The abolition of the censorship in theatres, cinemas, book and postcard shops, does not help matters. Robberies in the streets are so frequent that no lady dares to go out alone after dark, and successful attacks on jewelers' shops are carried out in broad daylight. No door handles, doormats, stair carpets, rods, or metal plates are safe. The general attitude and the relaxing of police organization are illustrated by the fact that war cripples suffering from shell-shock sit begging in the chief thoroughfares, and that the town looks dirty, unswept, and uncared for. No houses seem to have been painted during the war, the roads are in bad repair, and the public parks are depleted of trees, which have probably gone for firewood. The only motor-cars seen are those belonging to foreigners or profiteers. Private cars or carriages hardly exist, and the tram service has been suspended for weeks at a time owing to lack of coal, or runs only workmen's cars early in the morning and at night. Bicycles have become a luxury because of the rubber tires. Carts drawn by oxen are a common sight. It can be imagined what loss of strength and time the lack of transport means to a busy doctor.

The children of people living in suburbs are unable to attend school when the trams are not running. All trains are very much overcrowded, as they are so much fewer. Local trains are run without heating and lighting at night. Real fights for seats on some of the important lines are quite the usual thing, and the public has taken to entering a train by the windows, while the arriving travelers are hardly able to get out by the doors. The cost of traveling was increased by 100 per cent on March 1. A commercial traveler will therefore have to aim at a higher profit if he wants to make his expenses, for hotels also have raised their prices considerably. Bed and breakfast at a second or third class hotel costs about thirty to forty marks, whereas a first class hotel will charge sixty to eighty marks or more.

This year food is more plentiful in Germany than it was last, and many articles supposed to be rationed are exhibited in the shops, and portions above the rations can be bought there or from the farmer or dealer, who goes from house to house to offer butter and eggs privately. Payment in kind is also becoming quite frequent. But even though food can be had, it can only be had by the rich, and the others have to live on the cheaper rationed foods, insufficient and poor in nourishment as they are. Bavaria, Wurttemberg, and Baden, with their smallholding agricultural population, are far better off than the other States, and, perhaps wisely, do not allow their products to leave their frontiers, though great leakages do take place. They thus ensure at least the comparative well-being of their subjects, while their produce would probably reach only the non-starving population of the big towns if it was exported.

It is for the same reason that far-seeing municipalities refuse to take

any or more than a limited number of the starving Viennese children. They may only too soon have crowds of their own, and they prefer not to take away the bread, which is none too plentiful as it is, from their children now, so as to prevent a degree of under-feeding like that of those poor victims for whom help comes too late.

There is a marked difference between the physique of the country folk and of the population in the occupied areas and that of townspeople. The social instincts of the peasants are naturally less developed; their thoughts do not go much beyond their village. They had nothing to gain and much to lose by the war, and therefore have not the same enthusiasm and interest in government measures. They are slow of imagination, and cannot picture the dreadful suffering in the towns. They do not give up more of their produce than they have to or than is to their interest. But the government collects and extracts as much of the surplus from the country as it can to distribute it where it is more needed. The disorganization of transport, increased by the peace terms, makes this task very difficult.

Account is taken of every farmer's stock of cattle and poultry at intervals, and no one is allowed to slaughter animals without giving notice. The farmer is allowed to keep a portion of the animal, but must sell the rest at fixed prices, which is distributed from the nearest food centre. A fixed amount of milk and butter has also to be delivered regularly according to the number of cows. One hen is allowed to lay for the benefit of each member of the family, but each additional hen has to lay one egg per day for the state during the laying season. As it is quite impossible to control the secrets of each farmyard, chickens

can be hatched and little pigs born without the knowledge of the authorities and can disappear before the next inspection. It must be added that in towns as well as in the country the authorities close their eyes, as not even they, up to people in the highest positions, including government members, judges, and clergymen, can keep to the letter of the rationing laws any longer. These laws are merely kept up to ensure some degree of equality of distribution and to keep some hold on the food-hoarder. The bad effect which the relaxation of one law has on the keeping of others can be imagined. So again the general demoralization can be traced to hunger, and we must accept our share of responsibility instead of turning away in contempt. Many of the townspeople spend their Sundays trying to get some eggs or a pint of milk in the country. It is quite a familiar sight to see a professor with his whole family gathering fir cones and sticks, mushrooms and berries, or even the herbs of the meadows for soups and teas, and returning weary and heavily laden.

The shortage of clothing material is, of course, felt very much. Men's suits are turned inside out, dresses are made of old curtains. The big stock of linen of the German housewife, which is supposed to last all her life, has stood her in good stead, for during the last years of the war no piece of clothing or material could be bought without special permission. People who owned three pairs of socks, for instance, were not allowed to buy another. If they possessed a big stock of clothes they were not forced to give up any, but asked to do so. Young couples frequently now get one sheet or a few towels as wedding presents from friends who formerly would have given a piece of silver.

The occupied part of Germany is no longer strictly cut off from the unoccupied part, and no passports are required now to pass to and fro. The hotels everywhere are full of foreigners, and the trains along the Rhine are crowded with business men of all nationalities, who come to suck out of the country all it still has to sell. Hotels, house property, and land are bought and speculated in, jewels are bought and sold, and even clothing material, so urgently needed by the population, is sold to the foreigner, who pays double or three times the price and yet makes a large profit. The *Schieber*, who seeks his own profit only, is always ready to sell his goods to the foreigner, and though the government makes valiant efforts to stop these deals it is powerless to do so. There are foreigners who manage to avoid paying the higher price payable by foreigners by bribing a third person to do the deal for them, so that the manufacturers or shops think they are selling to a countryman.

Jewelers do not sell things above a certain value, so as to keep some real values in the country and also to prevent the profiteer from investing this money in pearls instead of paying the heavy capital tax. No money and securities can be kept in private safes. Everything is in the banks, so that the government can control the wealth of the country and fulfil the terms of the treaty. A great deal of money is squandered by the foreigners and profiteers in an ostentatious fashion, and the newly-rich workman makes it a point to show the gentleman at the next table that he can afford champagne and a better meal. There is a great deal of dancing and reveling going on in such circles, chiefly at hotels.

The only pleasant development is the amazing activity in art, music,

and the drama. Quite a number of new art galleries have sprung up in Frankfort. The theatres are so crowded that one can hardly get a seat, and they have been so all during the war. A far greater number of classical and good modern pieces are given than in England. Shakespeare, Hauptmann, Shaw, and Strindberg are on the programme every week. New operas are brought out, and the wildest modernism in painting, sculpture, and music is encouraged. A new departure is made in the artrooms to be found in many towns, which combine the small picture and sculpture gallery with the poetry bookshops in which you can see or buy the latest art books, poetry, or drama, the very popular woodcuts, etchings, etc., and the current numbers of art and literary journals, of which many new ones have sprung up lately. Art lectures are frequently given, or poetry is read in these rooms, which are run by educated men and women.

This is not the place to criticise the latest movements in art, which go very much in the same direction as the modern French school and are influenced by Indian and even negro art. There is a great intellectual movement toward the East, and the two most widely-read books are philosophical ones dealing with the civilizations and religions of the Orient, declaring the decline of Western civilization and the dawn of the East. A cynical mind might only see the search after new conquests in this tendency, but the causes of it are deeper.

The existing government does not seem very popular, but no government would be in such times. There is a general outcry against what is

called the rule of the Jew, who formerly had no actual power other than financial but can now be found in many high and important government posts. The general note is one of despair and callousness, and few people really care what government they are under as long as it keeps some degree of order. The Germans as a nation have always valued intellectual freedom higher than political freedom. Their vitality is too low now to make them care much for anything. It is psychologically interesting to see that there is almost a certain satisfaction about the Peace of Versailles, for the Germans consider that the wrong done by it outweighs the wrong done by those who began the war, and so reduces their responsibility. Also the severity of the treaty makes a fulfilment of the terms so impossible that a revision seems quite unavoidable, and this may lead to quite new developments. Lighter terms could have been fulfilled more faithfully, to the greater advantage of the Entente.

It is no use preaching work, perseverance, and morality to a starving people, indeed to expect anything of them. The two roots of the evil which have to be removed first are the hunger and the depreciation of currency. Their effects will be felt for a generation even if help comes quickly. From the eugenist's point of view it is perhaps better that a whole class of people should die out whose physique is undermined and which no longer has the means and the leisure to maintain the old high standard of civilization. The best one can hope for is that the children of the new middle class will reach the same standard before the tradition has been lost.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

MUNICIPAL THEATRES

THE distinguished English actress, Miss Lena Ashwell, has arranged with the officials of the London boroughs of Battersea, Camberwell, Shoreditch, Bethnal Green, Stepney, Bow (which is part of Poplar), and probably Fulham and Hackney, to have a theatre provided for a weekly visit of her company.

To a correspondent of the *Observer*, Miss Ashwell spoke of her scheme. Said she:

'This, then, is the problem: Is there sufficient amusement for the health of the people in these areas? In the view of most people with whom I have been talking on the subject there is not. There then comes the question of awakening the interest of the people themselves to protect their own interests in recreation. And the people having decided what they want, the next step is to get some civic feeling with regard to amusement and the sanity of what is good and the insanity of what is bad.'

That town halls are not the most suitable places for dramatic performances she at once admitted. There is no scenery, she said, there is not the proper atmosphere or the conditions which connect the mind with the theatre; but, on the other hand, the difficulty caused by the absence of scenery can be overcome by the use of curtains, and if there is any civic feeling growing there is the advantage of starting the experiment in a place which is the property of the borough.

'People need not worry about two things,' she said, referring to one or

two questions that have been raised with regard to the scheme. 'In the first place, it is legally impossible for the borough councils to spend any money on entertainments of this kind; and in the second, all the artists will be paid exactly as if they were engaged in a theatre, and perhaps a little better. We have the money that remains from the public support which was given to our concerts at the front. We were allowed to keep that balance for demobilization purposes, and if a sufficient number of people show an interest in the movement the experiment can pay its way and pay the salaries of the artists and be self-supporting. More than that from a financial point of view it cannot be; it can never be a commercial undertaking. The prices we intend to charge will range at the outside from about a shilling to half-a-crown.

'The plays which we shall produce are those which have already proved successes wherever the company has performed them. For the most part they are good modern plays that have appealed to the public. We are not in the least "high-brow"; we are only trying to give healthy amusement. Two Shakespeare plays will be given, *Twelfth Night* before Christmas and *The Merchant of Venice* afterwards. The members of the company were all in the war. They have been playing together a great deal during the last year or so, and they have become thoroughly accustomed to playing under all sorts of conditions. It is the best repertory company I have seen.'

'Our Mary and Charlie'

WE print a British tribute to two of the great artists of the American screen, Miss Pickford and Mr. Chaplin. It is from the *London Nation*.

Some of us, to whom the Picture Palace is a place where chewing gums are chewed in darkness, and simple lovers go to hold each other's hands because only there can they find the delightful obscurity which the cultured can get whenever they want it, have been astonished that a lady named Mary is 'the sweetheart of the multitude'; that Mary to them is so great an artist that her income is fabulous. Why? What does she do? The love of the multitude for her is strong enough for its embraces to bruise her and give her nervous shock. The worship of Ellen Terry never went to that delirious extreme. Indeed, the greater personalities of the stage do not evoke the ecstasy which, it seems, moves that silent host which watches a favorite shadow of a magic lantern. Even Mr. Bottomley, with his new and attractive religious habit, gravely orders us to take off our hats to Mary, the projector of this shadow; though for that matter every daily paper in the kingdom had a leading article with a double divergent squint — one nervous eye on the queer mass of its readers, and the other doting on Art — to explain what this great love for Mary (just Mary, the one and only Mary) amounts to.

It would be pretty hard to say what it amounts to, though probably the cultured need not worry about it, and it would be all the same if they did. The multitude will go on paying a vaster sum annually to Mary than all the authors who have written books for the Oxford University Press have received in a century, or will ever receive, until another little girl comes along who can touch sentimental hearts

better through a magic lantern with the appeal of innocent and helpless virginity. Such an appeal ought not to fail. It never does. Read the American press. Remember the Angel Child. Remember the burglar caught sobbing when the police arrested him at a performance of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*.

Mary Pickford — say in *Daddy-Long-Legs* — as Judy Abbott, a misused orphan in short orphanage frocks and a pig-tail, with an upward glance and a bright but tearful smile which would put a lump in the throat of a Tuareg, is naturally irresistible to man that is born of woman; though even when Mary stirs him he may be amused by the spectacle of himself. And what woman does not see herself in Mary, and is not moved by self-pity? Besides, it is Cinderella over again, a story on the verge of the beginning of history which came from Egypt, we are told; the appeal, certain to be as wide as most of humanity, of the triumph at last of the 'under-dog.' It gives satisfaction even to an unsuccessful but highly intellectual artist to read the story of Cinderella's triumph, for each of us would like to have the long-withheld tribute to our worth paid to us, to the envy of our watching detractors, by a Prince of some kind or other. And Cinderella's Prince was a nobody compared with the favor to which Mary Pickford's fairy godmother has led her. With Mr. Bottomley for once, to show our common humanity, we take off our hats to Mary.

But what about Charlie Chaplin? For we have got to recognize that these famous cinema stars do not receive their vast incomes because people prefer magic lanterns to real acting at the music hall or the theatre; nor solely because they can be seen by many audiences at once, whereas the music-hall artist can appear only in one place at a time. Mary Pickford is so popular be-

cause she renders with excellent art an appeal so very simple that anybody can understand it. It is really the same appeal that an outcast puppy turns up to the stranger who finds him in a corner. It is irresistible. It is done with that helpless glance upward to what is strong and above it. But Charlie Chaplin, perhaps, has never had his full measure of tribute, except from those who crowd the picture palaces to see him. The critics who measure serious acting have never, to our knowledge, told us that we must on no account miss Charlie Chaplin.

Yet we declare that Charlie Chaplin is a great artist. There is no music-hall comedian for whom we would exchange an evening with him. The appeal of the cinema is a new one, and it is being used now to find dividends for a vast amount of newly invested and highly speculative capital. Its promoters take no risks. They make their appeal as broad as possible, and so they think it better to give us horse-play rather than comedy. They provide Charlie Chaplin with plenty of horse-play, but they cannot hide the fact that they are using a wonderful actor and comedian for that purpose. Once you have seen him, the sprite who seems native to that world which is the quivering round of light on a screen, you know you have got to see him again. This is genius. Charlie's is a grotesque and pathetic little figure, its apparel an absurd misfit, and its firm and undaunted gravity before all the punishments of Fate is more than mere comedy; it is the exhilarating, unconscious defiance of the gods by one destined to failure which has made some of the famous comic figures of humanity also the most tragic ones. For most of us fail, though we aim at some ideal or other; and secretly we know we are failures. These grotesques — the greatest of all was Don Quixote — are typical of all who are

worth their salt, but they amuse others by their consistent inability to get it. Something tells us that, after all, failure does not matter very much, and so we can afford a laugh at these figures of fun, as we laugh at ourselves and our disappointment at another undeserved frustration.

Naturally, when first we were authoritatively ordered to go and enjoy Charlie Chaplin, we remembered we had heard that sort of thing before; asked where he was to be seen; and learned that it was in heated darkness and the smell of peppermint. That was the place where a lantern showed men clothed in sheepskin trousers and guns galloping faster than express trains to get a doll for a child who could not die happy without one. The child's face, to show she was dying, was enlarged in one picture, and stared at us lugubriously for an intolerable time. That place had no use for sweetness. It used only modern coal-tar products and glucose. But no sooner had Charlie Chaplin stepped into the popular round of light (have you ever seen him merely walk in shadow show?) and had given us one quick glance, than we were his. His feet, his hat, his priceless legs, his set and sad but resolute face, the determinism (all was foreordained) of his absurd movements, fascinated us. It never seemed to matter what he was doing, so long as it was something. He might be boxing with heavyweights, working as a pawnbroker's assistant, trying, as a hungry and moneyless man in a restaurant, to pick up a dollar that was set malignantly in the floor. Whatever it was, it was the absurdity and pathos of the serious human creature trying to outwit impersonal forces that were certain to smother it in the end. And if to convey that humorous idea, and its following sense of melancholy, is not great art, then we are all wrong, even about Don Quixote.

The Poet's Wife

HER son was determined to ally himself with a woman of whom she could not approve. The woman was common, loud, without delicacy of any kind. She possessed, it was true, a fierce energy and a coarse beauty of form that might appeal to a savage. But he was not a savage. He was a high-strung, sensitive creature. And he had been permanently crippled. His mother withdrew in bitter disappointment.

She went to live by herself at a quiet country place. He wrote at intervals as if nothing untoward had happened. He sent her verses — he had always been in the habit of sending her verses. He told her he thought of trying a poultry farm.

One day the coarse woman appeared again. She said, 'What a long walk it is from the station! Tired me, even.'

'May I ask . . . ?'

'Of course you may ask. Look here, I'm your daughter-in-law.'

'I thought you might be.'

'Felix wanted someone to look after him. He said he would wait till you came round. I said "Nonsense, you might be a hell of a time doing that." So we toddled off and did the trick. That's why I'm here.'

'I can send you back to the station.'

'Eh?'

'I mean, that you need not have the fatigue of walking.'

'Very kind.'

'But I am not going to . . .'

'Right-O. Let's have tea.'

The woman talked at tea. 'Felix takes quite an interest in cocks and hens. Funny! You would laugh to see him hobbling up and down his old orchard. On a slope, you know, and good trees — so he says. I'm bored to

death half the time. But he is a gentle sort of bird. He'll reconcile me. And, then, I'll have another domestic occupation by-and-bye. See?'

'Does Felix suffer much?'

'You may well ask. I can't think why they performed that damned operation at the Pensions' Hospital. It's done no good. Bally piece of shell somewhere still, I think. My God, he sits tight and hangs on to my arm till I'm bruised. Still, there it is.'

'He sends me his verses.'

'Oh, yes. He's a poet all right. He tells the naked truth about life, does Master Felix. No, I don't mean anything nasty. He's got too sweet a mind. He's just simple and direct. Oh, yes, he's a poet. And I'm his wife.'

'I am Felix's mother. I should know. . . .'

'Oh, yes, you should.'

'You infer that I do not?'

'Not a bit.'

'Do you love my son?'

'Love him? I've told you. Don't you thrill at being a grandma? You mustn't be put off. You ought to have your share in your own son's child. You'd feel horrid about it if you stayed here and never saw him — or her. Which do you think it will be? My God, I am interested. . . . Don't be put off. Swallow me for the kid's sake. Felix must swallow a lot. But, then, you see, he can grip me as hard as he likes when he's in pain. And, bless you, I can lift him and carry him upstairs. I can do anything for him. I'm not squeamish at all. So he swallows what there is to swallow for the sake of the — rest.'

She stood up. She was a formidable figure of a woman. There was a smile upon her face as if she gloried in her strength. Then, swiftly, abruptly, she took Felix's mother in her arms and said, 'Don't cry, old dear. We shall get on very well.'

[The Cornhill]

D'ARTAGNAN AND MILADY

BY LLOYD SANDERS

THE sources whence the great Alexandre Dumas drew the immortal series of novels, *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, *Vingt Ans Après*, and *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, are not to be approached in a spirit of detraction. Historical romance depends, after all, on history, and the degree of indebtedness becomes a small matter when compared with the merit of treatment. Dumas may have rifled his authorities with a rapacious hand; he may have set the laws of time and space at defiance in dealing with the downfall of Charles I, and have converted Condé into a Court functionary of Louis XIV when he was actually in the service of Spain. But he invariably manufactured a fine fabric out of his homespun materials. What is more, Dumas' historical personages are essentially conceived in the spirit of historical justice. His Louis XIII and Richelieu come much nearer reality than the corresponding figures in Alfred de Vigny's *Cinq Mars*; he gives us the real Anne of Austria, more or less of the real Mazarin, and certainly the real Louis XIV of the golden prime. He was fortunate in having to help him a collaborator of genuine learning in Auguste Maquet; and when the dramatic version of *Les Mousquetaires* was produced, the unexpected announcement of Maquet as part-author was no more than an act of proper gratitude. Still the vitalizing force in the whole achievement was Dumas' own.

For the backbone of *Les Trois Mousquetaires*, Dumas, or Maquet as his assistant, took the so-called *Mé-*

moires de Monsieur d'Artagnan.^{*} Their author, Courtilz de Sandras, was an old hand at the literary vamp. Thus we have from him, *Mémoires de M. de B., secrétaire de M. de C. de R.*; initials defying identification, but suggesting all sorts of mysteries. His *Life* of Turenne purports to have been written by Du Buisson, captain of the regiment of Verdelin, a creature entirely of Courtilz's imagination. But his favorite trick was to take a person recently dead, and to envelop him in adventures, authentic if possible, and when that source ran dry, in escapades characteristic of his times. By way of background to his hero, he interpolated chapters on public events, written in a gossiping, anecdotal manner, and showing a surprising familiarity with the utterances of kings and ministers, even when delivered in the closest secrecy. In this style Courtilz perpetuated some memoirs of Richelieu and Mazarin by M. le C. de R., obviously the Comte de Rochefort, who, next to Father Joseph, was the elder Cardinal's best-known familiar, and who figures of course in *Les Trois Mousquetaires*. His masterpiece in artifice, if not in audacity, was the *Mémoires de Monsieur d'Artagnan*, which appeared in 1702, twenty-nine years after their alleged author had fallen at Maestricht.

The real d'Artagnan was, as Browning would have said, a person of some importance in his day. He was Charles

^{*} An English translation of these Memoirs by Mr. Ralph Nevill was published in 1898-99.

de Batz-Castelmore, son of Bertrand de Batz, seigneur of Castelmore, and of Françoise de Montesquiou. His father belonged to the smaller and invariably indigent nobility of Gascony; and his mother being of higher lineage, he assumed the territorial surname of d'Artagnan, which distinguished the younger branch of her house. 'They say of me,' Courtitz makes him remark, 'that I am not a d'Artagnan, except on the female side, and that I am really a Castelmore.' An elder brother, who kept to the name of Castelmore, died in 1712, Governor of Navarreins, and if Saint-Simon is to be believed, over a hundred years old. Contemporary writers naturally do not concern themselves with d'Artagnan's beginnings, but there is no reason for discrediting the statement of Courtitz that he entered the Musketeers through the influence of their captain, de Tréville, a fellow Gascon. Whatever his fortunes under Louis XIII and Richelieu, or Richelieu and Louis XIII, may have been, he was well regarded by Mazarin during the Regency of Anne of Austria. Mme. de Motteville unceremoniously terms him 'one of the Cardinal's creatures'; and though Courtitz probably embroiders his facts, Mazarin seems to have sent d'Artagnan on secret missions, and, as was his wont, to have been mightily chary in rewarding him either with promotion or money.

After the death of Mazarin, when Louis XIV promptly emancipated himself from ministerial guidance, d'Artagnan became a personage.

'He caused himself to be well regarded both in war and at Court,' says Saint-Simon, 'where he became so highly esteemed by the King that he would in all likelihood have made a considerable fortune if he had not been killed before Maestricht in 1673. . . . This captain of Musketeers made the name of d'Artagnan to be known; the King always liked it.'*

* *Mémoires*, vol. vii., p. 388 (edition of 1857).

Thus, when Louis XIV came to exercise his first great act of authority, the arrest of Nicholas Fouquet, the profligate Superintendent of Finance, in 1661, it was to his trusty d'Artagnan, still a lieutenant only, that he had recourse. There are several versions of the story, and Dumas, with a novelist's license, exaggerates them all in *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*. The gray horse on which Fouquet is said to have tried to escape from Nantes and d'Artagnan's pursuit on the black one are unhistoric. Even the sagacious Mme. de Motteville seems to have been misled about an attempted exchange of carriages and a flight by a winding road. Though the stroke had to be postponed for several days because d'Artagnan had an attack of fever, Fouquet made no resistance, and d'Artagnan escorted him as far as Amboise, protecting him by the way from hostile demonstrations.*

Fouquet once caught, had to be caged, and d'Artagnan was entrusted with his keeping at Vincennes, whence he was transferred to the Bastille. We can all well believe that he performed his duties most carefully. The disgraced man had many sympathizers, and among them was Mme. de Sévigné. She went masked, she tells us,† with several ladies, to a house commanding a view of the arsenal.

I saw him coming from afar. M. d'Artagnan was by his side; fifty musketeers thirty or forty paces behind him. He seemed as though in a dream. For my own part, when I perceived him, my legs trembled, and my heart beat so hard that I felt overcome. As he drew near us to enter his cell, M. d'Artagnan nudged him and told him we were there. So he bowed to us.

That is like d'Artagnan, always courteous, even where an enemy was concerned. His wearisome guardianship

* The official account of Fouquet's arrest is to be found in the Appendix to Saint-Simon's *Mémoires*, vol. xii.

† In a letter to Pomponne, dated November 27, 1664. *Lettres*, i. 451 (edition of 1862).

ended in December, 1664, when he escorted Fouquet to Pignerol, lending him furs for the crossing of the Alps, with Saint-Mars, who had taken part in his arrest, as his permanent custodian.

D'Artagnan it was who, in 1671, ten years after the arrest of Fouquet, escorted another prisoner, his fellow Gascon, the Duc de Lauzun, to Pignerol. Compromised through his own eccentricities, the jealousy of Louvois, the Minister, and the cupidity of Mme. de Montespan, the favorite of Louis XIV. was thunderstruck when the blow fell, though he was probably not unaware of its origin. Lauzun would then have been the husband of Mademoiselle de Montpensier (La Grande Mademoiselle), the King's cousin, had he not perversely insisted that the marriage should be celebrated at the King's Mass, and so give the princes of the blood time to pour deterrent remonstrances into the royal ear. From Mademoiselle's slipshod but amusing *Mémoires* we learn that d'Artagnan, while studiously polite, neglected no precautions.

With the company of Musqueteers, he took M. de Lauzun to Pignerol; he put into the coach with him one of his nephews, who was an officer in the Guards' regiment, and Maupertuis, ensign of Musqueteers, who never left him. They were very civil to him, but extremely vigilant in looking after him.*

The journey over, and Lauzun consigned to Pignerol, where, in spite of the Argus-eyed Saint-Mars, he succeeded in communicating with Fouquet through the flue of a chimney, first 'the little d'Artagnan,' and then d'Artagnan himself took furtive occasions to give their news to the broken-hearted Mademoiselle. The uncle assured her that he admired the spirit of M. de Lauzun, whose servant he had been before his misfortune; and that even if

he had not been his servant on his own account, he would have become so through the honor in which Lauzun was held by his acquaintances. D'Artagnan continued that he had left Lauzun in good health, in so far as a man could be who was banished from his King, and that Lauzun had talked so many times and in such a moving way of the honor and regard in which he held the royal person, that he had been much touched. Mademoiselle asked if these words had been repeated to his Majesty. D'Artagnan replied, Yes; and that he had nothing more to say to her except that Lauzun 'loved all he ought to love; that his heart was full of nothing else, and that he felt his absence from those dear to him acutely.' He added immediately afterward, 'He has given me no message; he knew that it was not right that I should undertake a commission of that sort.'

This eminently discreet and yet heartening information was very gratifying to Mademoiselle. She had, besides, a particular regard for d'Artagnan, who was, she considered, a man of very great merit, an honest man and faithful to his friends. His conduct, she thought, was the more creditable because he had quarreled with Lauzun at the battle of Hesdin, and had failed to accept Lauzun's explanation that he was merely obeying the King's commands when he came to cross-purposes with d'Artagnan. They had not spoken for two years, and reconciliation had only been effected fifteen days before Lauzun's arrest, after d'Artagnan had heard that his enemy, despite their difference, persisted in speaking well of him.

The King himself had confirmed out of his own mouth these instances of Lauzun's generosity, when he gave d'Artagnan the command to take him to Pignerol; it was, Mademoiselle re-

* *Mémoires de Mademoiselle de Montpensier* (Petitot 45, p. 336).

flected, a piece of unexampled equity, coming as it did at a moment when his Majesty had urgent reasons to complain of the prisoner's conduct. One can imagine the irascible, emotional Gascons, the magniloquent King, and the poor lady anxious to catch hold of any comforting symptom in the crisis!

When d'Artagnan fell before Maestricht, Mademoiselle, while regretting him for his staunchness to his friends, added again that he was a very brave man. But of his military career we do not get a very definite notion. We snatch glimpses of him in the accounts of Turenne's campaigns, when the Household troops were ordered to the wars, but it is little more than a case of 'mentioned in despatches.' Altogether we may reasonably suppose that he owed his professional prosperity rather to Court favor than to exploits on the Flanders front. Even so, he had to serve for many years as a lieutenant-captain of the Gray Musqueteers under the elder Maupertuis, until his chief—who was over eighty and neglectful of his duty—allowed him to purchase the captaincy for 150,000 livres. The King made amends for this long wait by creating him a Chevalier of the Order of the Saint-Esprit, the French equivalent for our Garter; and but for his death at Maestricht, he would have become Captain of the Guards.

The campaign, in which d'Artagnan smelled powder for the last time, opened on May 1, 1673, when Louis XIV, commanding in person, left Paris to chastise the Dutch. He marched straight to Maestricht, the principal town in Brabant, and invested the place on June 10. On June 23, the Musqueteers distinguished themselves by seizing a half-moon and holding it in spite of heavy losses, until the pioneers had dug a trench. Next day the Dutch reoccupied it, and d'Artagnan,

with a few men, was ordered to support the counter-attack. For a while it succeeded, but in the end the position was lost. When the Musqueteers retired, their popular captain was missing. A search party, with Saint-Leger at its head, braved the enemy's fire, and found d'Artagnan well to the front, killed by a musket ball. They brought in his body. The *Gazette de France* recorded his death, and added that the King was sensibly grieved, both because of the Sieur d'Artagnan's valor and the trust his Majesty had in him.

Such was the d'Artagnan of fact; who, by the way, is to be distinguished from a cousin, who became a French marshal, and took the name of Montesquiou. Saint-Simon contrasts the rectitude of our friend with the tortuousness of his relative, who courted Madame de Maintenon and the Duc du Maine by back-stairs means.* How much Courtilz knew about the Captain of Musqueteers it is difficult to say; probably but little. He gives a fairly correct account of the arrest of Fouquet, and, while exaggerating the incident, mentions Mme. de Sévigné's successful attempt to get a sight of the prisoner.† But he antedates d'Artagnan's captaincy by a good many years, making it a favor extorted from Mazarin; and appoints him Governor of Lille, a post he cannot have held consistently with his duties in Paris.

Courttilz's general idea seems to have been to take a well-known character, a Hodson of Hodson's Horse, or a General Burnaby, and write a novel in the first person about him. The military adventures are fairly reasonable; thus d'Artagnan penetrates in disguise to a besieged garrison to tell it relief is at hand; caught on his way back, he would certainly have been shot as a spy

* *Mémoires*, vol. vii, p. 387.

† Courttilz's *Mémoires* were published in 1702; Mme. de Sévigné's letters to Pomponne only appeared in print in 1756.

by Condé, if he had winked an eyelid at the wrong moment. Escapes of the kind were not uncommon in little warfare against fortifications. But Courtitz outrages probability almost as boldly as Dumas himself in the diplomatic missions on which he despatches d'Artagnan. Thus he would have us believe that, after the death of Cromwell, Mazarin sent d'Artagnan to England with the object of arranging a marriage between one of his beautiful nieces and Charles II, or, failing Charles, with Richard Cromwell. 'Queen Dick' had unfortunately, as Mazarin would have known very well, a wife alive at the time in Dorothy, the daughter of Richard Mayor of Hursley.

The real value of the *Mémoires de Monsieur d'Artagnan*, as Dumas perceived, consists in their reflection of the life of the Musqueteers. They bring back the happy-go-lucky existence of the 'cape and sword' period; its tavern-brawls, its duels, its impetuosity relieved either by a lucky game at cards or sponging on some dame of degree; they are in fact, in Dumas' own words, 'sketches made on barrack doors and the walls of inns.' Courtitz makes a great point of the rivalry between the Musqueteers of Louis XIII and those of Richelieu, and the consequent bloodshed when they met in the streets. The wonderful yellow pony on which d'Artagnan rode up from his native Béarn figures in Courtitz's pages; so does the quarrel with Rochefort, who is called Rosnay in the *Mémoires*. Thence, too, Dumas extracted the raw material, so to speak, of d'Artagnan's landlady, dear little Mme. Bonacieux, and her curmudgeon of a husband. The fateful game of tennis and its consequences, M. de Tréville's inquiry, the audience with Louis XIII, are all drawn from Courtitz. Above all, Dumas went to the *Mémoires* for the original of the sinister Milady.

Courtitz's Milady is a maid-of-honor of Henrietta Maria, the fugitive Queen of England. His d'Artagnan has a love affair with her, and outwits a rival much on the lines adopted by Dumas, though in point of ingenuity the *Mémoires* are not to be compared with *Le Trois Mousquetaires*. At that point Courtitz drops Milady; but Dumas, with the *Mémoires* of La Rochefoucauld to help him, develops her into a spy of Richelieu, and, for the time being at any rate, into an historical character.* She becomes in fact the Lady Carlisle, who, to serve the Cardinal and avenge herself on Buckingham, cut off from the Duke's dress the diamond pendants, or, as Dumas has it, a pendant, which had been given him by Anne of Austria.

Les Trois Mousquetaires sticks pretty close to history in its account of how Buckingham foiled his enemies by having a facsimile of the pendant manufactured and sent to the Queen, while a proclamation closing the ports prevented Lady Carlisle from taking her theft to Richelieu. Only La Rochefoucauld provokingly says nothing about d'Artagnan's part in the complication, nor about the ball at which Anne of Austria confounded the Cardinal by appearing with the diamonds on her. That is pure Dumas. La Rochefoucauld concludes somewhat tamely with,

Thus the Queen escaped the vengeance of this infuriated woman (Lady Carlisle), and the Cardinal lost what seemed a safe means of exposing her and opening the King's eyes as to all his doubts, since the pendants came from him and he had given them to the Queen.

Lady Carlisle was, in some ways, not so complete a she-villain as Milady, the poisoner of Mme. Bonacieux. Still as S. R. Gardiner severely remarks, she followed up the excitement of a youth of pleasure with the excitement of a

* *Mémoires de La Rochefoucauld* (Petitot 51, pp. 342-4).

middle age of treachery, divulging Court secrets to Pym and Essex at one time, at another promoting Royalist risings against the Commonwealth. But with her later baseness Dumas had no concern.

Dumas took from Courtilz de Sandras the names of d'Artagnan's three companions, Athos, Porthos, and Aramis. In the *Mémoires de Monsieur d'Artagnan* they appear as three Gascon brothers. They are merely friends of the autobiographer, who help him out of his difficulties; no attempt is made to invest them with individuality and they soon fade out of the narrative. Dumas took these shadows of shades and gave them flesh and blood. They are more or less types of the man-at-arms, as the novelist understood him.

In the case of Athos, otherwise the Comte de la Fère, we must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the 'manuscript in folio, numbered 4772 or 4773,' which Dumas asserts in the preface to *Les Trois Mousquetaires* that Paulin Pâris, the famous antiquary and editor, discovered for him in the Bibliothèque Royale. The affected vagueness as to the catalogue puts us on our guard at once, and no *Memorial of some of the events which were enacted in France toward the end of the reign of King Louis XIII and the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV* has ever been discovered by the numerous French critics of Dumas. Athos — the worthy but slightly tedious Athos — whom d'Artagnan only once ventured to tutoy, is to be found rather in the pages of Brantôme's *Hommes Illustres* and of the *Loyal Serviteur* of Bayard. He is to be taken as a survival of a nobler age, and it is in that sense that Dumas puts into his mouth the eloquently turgid address to the Vicomte de Bragelonne when that youth girded on the ancestral sword.

Porthos, on the other hand, with his *gros bon sens* and his gigantic strength, is a figure of more modern type. Dumas had a model before him in his own father, the mulatto General, whose physical force was great, while he himself in his ebullient youth had been a fine man of his hands. Already in *La Reine Margot* he had produced a Hercules in Coconnas with his many inches and broad shoulders, and Coconnas has his place — a small one — in history. But Dumas does not revel over the comrade of the unhappy La Mole, as he does over the associate of Athos and Aramis. In his simplicity — his loyal engagement in enterprises he did not in the least understand — Porthos is the true hero of the Musqueteers series. The lament over his death in *Le Vicomte de Bragelonne*, in spite of its touch of bombast, comes nearer genuine pathos than anything that Dumas ever wrote. And Porthos is so thoroughly human in his huge appetite, his enjoyment of his wealth and his craving for a dukedom. The detail of the *baudrier* or cross-belt, so magnificent in front and disguised by a cloak as to its poverty behind, comes from Courtilz. In the general vanity of the man we may get an echo of Marshal de Bassompierre, with whose *Mémoires* Dumas was well acquainted. Still Porthos as a whole is just himself, and his only begetter is Dumas.

Aramis — the subtle Aramis — reveals his own origin in *Vingt Ans Après*, namely, de Retz, the Coadjutor to the Archbishop of Paris, who afterwards became the famous Cardinal. He says to Athos:

He is a swashbuckler, and so am I; he gads about the streets, and so do I; his cassock sits heavy on him, and I, I think, have had enough of mine. I sometimes imagine that he is Aramis and I am the Coadjutor, so perfect is the analogy between us. This Sosius (Dumas apparently means Societes or Dromio) bores me and depresses me.*

* *Vingt Ans Après*, vol. ii, ch. xix, p. 124.

In personal appearance there was little in common between the short-sighted, bow-legged little Cardinal and the handsome, effeminate Aramis, who pinched the lobes of his ears to give them a rosy tint. But they were of the same race in their laxity of morals, their contempt for their orders, and the vastness of their ambitions. It is remarkable how Aramis grows under the cunning hand of Dumas. In *Les Trois Mousquetaires* we are chiefly interested in his amours with Mme. de Longueville and Mme. de Chevreuse. He continues to play a minor part in *Vingt Ans Après*, except in the audacious scene of his impersonation of Bishop Juxon during the last hours of Charles I. But in *Le Vicomte* he dominates the book, dragging the unsuspecting Porthos in his wake. And if Aramis trod devious paths to become General of the Jesuits, so did de Retz to win his Cardinal's hat. De Retz aimed besides at even more exalted things; no less than the overthrow of Mazarin and the instalment of himself as Minister. The activities of Aramis continued, however, after Cardinal de Retz had been effectively snuffed out by the wily Italian. Dumas perceived in the machinations of Fouquet, notably in his fortification of Belle-Ile as a place of refuge, a capital atmosphere for his man of close designs and crooked counsels.

[*The Outlook*]

LONDON SEES THE WILD WEST

BY EDWARD SHANKS

SCENE: *The stalls of the Lyric Theatre.* Enter together, a trifle late a DRAMATIC CRITIC and his RELUCTANT FRIEND. *They buy a programme and sit down.*

R. F. (*complainingly*): I thought you said this play was about cowboys?

D. C.: I'm sorry. . . . I thought it was. . . . I certainly thought it was. . . .

R. F. (*increasing in truculence*): These are n't cowboys. They're wearing mess uniforms and spurs.

D. C. (*hoping against hope*): Perhaps they're cowboys in disguise.

R. F.: Of course, they're not cowboys. How could they be? Look at the scenery. That's Westminster Abbey in the background. (*Peevishly*): They'll begin singing in a moment. I believe you've brought me to a revue.

D. C. (*his confidence shaken*): I don't think so. (*He consults the programme.*) No, that is n't Westminster Abbey—its Maudsley Towers, Norfolk, England.

THE HERO (*the one on the stage, of course*): 'Tis better so! (*To conceal his emotion he walks pensively into the wings.*)

R. F.: That's more like the stuff.

THE HEROINE: Tell me, tell me you are inn-o-cent! (*Or words to that effect.*)

R. F.: I feel better now.

(*The curtain falls on the end of the first act.*)

R. F. } (*simultaneously*): I want a
D. C. } drink.

(*When they return the curtain has risen again disclosing the 'Long Horn' Saloon at Maverick, Wyoming, U. S. A. A cowboy is playing poker with two companions and making jokes in what is understood to be the American language.*)

D. C.: Can you make out what he is saying?

R. F.: Not a word. I wish they'd provide an interpreter.

D. C.: Anyway, they're all wearing the most dangerous-looking guns. (*Hopefully*): I should n't be surprised if someone were to get shot before long.

(*The cowboys on the stage discuss the likelihood of trouble between Jim Carston's outfit and Cash Hawkins's gang.*)

A COWBOY (*slapping another on the shoulder*): My advice to you, sonny, is

never trouble trouble till trouble troubles you. (*The audience rocks with laughter.*)

R. F.: I seem to have heard that before somewhere.

(JIM CARSTON and CASH HAWKINS have now appeared, the one with his outfit, the other with his gang. Alarums and excursions and a good deal of gun-play, in which, however, no gun goes off.)

D. C. (*excitedly*): That's him! Look!

R. F.: Who?

D. C.: The chap who said, 'Tis better so!' in the first act. He's shaved his moustache off.

R. F.: How do you know it's the same man?

D. C.: He's still got the waves in his hair.

(*More alarums and excursions. A revolver shot and CASH HAWKINS falls dead. Annoyance of his gang. The SHERIFF enters and accuses JIM CARSTON of the murder. He clears himself. Annoyance of the SHERIFF.*)

R. F. (*sapiently*): I know who did it. It was that Indian girl, Nat-u-ritch.

JIM CARSTON: Who shot Cash Hawkins?

NAT-U-RITCH (*shyly*): I did. (*Applause, in which the RELUCTANT FRIEND joins very heartily. The curtain falls.*)

R. F. } (*simultaneously*): I want a

D. C. } drink.

D. C. (*in the bar*): This is all very interesting as a study in sociology. People want excitement; they want revolver shots. It's no use being priggish about it. We both do ourselves. But the public's palate must n't be cloyed with too many shots. They enjoy the anticipation even more than the thing itself. So the right course is to show them any number of revolvers and keep them in suspense, wondering who is going to be shot and when. And another interesting point is that this play is simply the theatre getting its own

back from the cinema. It's true that there are no galloping horses, but, on the other hand, there's plenty of noise.

R. F.: Finish yours, and then we'll have another.

D. C.: Of course, it's interesting, too, for a student of human nature. It's the conventional gesture that teaches you about humanity. When a man makes a spontaneous gesture, you may learn something about him; but when he says, 'Tis better so!' false and unnatural as it is, you learn something about hundreds of people, because they respond to it unanimously.

R. F.: There's time for one more.

(*The bell rings and they return.*)

D. C.: These Indian scenes are good. It's a first-rate stunt that, making them talk Ute on the stage and having it interpreted.

(*The Pipe of Peace is handed round.*)

R. F. (*shifting uncomfortably in his seat*): It's a rotten idea, letting them smoke on the stage, when we may n't smoke in the audience.

(*THE FAMILY SOLICITOR appears and addresses JIM CARSTON as 'My Lord.' The audience is gratified.*)

JIM CARSTON (*concealing his own gratification*): My name is Carston, Mr. Petrie.

THE HEROINE (*turning up suddenly*): Who is Nat-u-ritch?

JIM CARSTON (*with natural reluctance*): She is the mother of my boy.

THE HEROINE: Oh dear! (*Or words to that effect.*)

(*The cowboys begin saying good-bye to LITTLE HAL, who is going back to England to be educated for the succession to the peerage which so embarrasses his father. They give him their favorite clasp-knives and watches which belonged to their mothers.*)

R. F. (*gruffly*): Oh, cut out the sob-stuff.

D. C.: I'll bet you half-a-crown there's a happy ending.

R. F. (*gloomily*): I deeply fear that something is going to happen to Nat-u-ritch.

(NAT-U-RITCH *steals across the stage, ostentatiously holding up a revolver.*)

R. F.: I told you so.

(*A shot is heard.*)

R. F.: And that's that. Where's my hat? You're standing on it, you silly fool.

D. C. (*outside*): Well, not so bad, do you think?

R. F. (*grudgingly*): Not so bad.

D. C.: And as a matter of fact one might take a play like that as a test for a disquisition on the meaning and purpose of art. Let us start with the fact that we both enjoyed it as a basis. Now, ask yourself why you enjoyed it. My answer to that question would be —

(*But his RELUCTANT FRIEND, reluctant to hear any more, has unostentatiously hailed a passing taxi and driven away. The DRAMATIC CRITIC, though he fully intended to conduct both sides of the dialogue himself, is disappointed, decides that he cannot proceed without a listener, and goes home.*)

[*The New Statesman*]

THE BEAUTY OF BUTTER

BUTTER, it is officially announced, is to be scarce again in a few weeks. It is not easy for an ordinary innocent person to see why. The fields are full of cows, and the country is full of people to milk the cows. One never realized until the last few years how dependent one was on Continental countries for a food that one always liked fresh and bought from Devonshire or Ireland. One felt that, so long as Devonshire and Ireland remained, Denmark might go hang. Alas! however, even in England itself, the butter producers produce butter no longer in the old quantities. If one visits a dairy in Sussex

nowadays, the farmer will probably tell you: 'I have given up making butter. It pays me better to sell the milk, and it's less trouble.'

But why this passion for milk, one wonders? Has the world suddenly gone mad for milk? Children and invalids have a reasonable excuse for drinking it, but it is no taste for a man. Occasionally one does see a full-grown man drinking it hot out of a tumbler. It is not a pretty sight. What error out of a dark past is he expiating in this way? Is he a pre-Aryan savage who can find no better food than this? His stunted ancestors, we are told, fed on the milk of sheep and goats, even before the discovery of the cow. Why does not he go the whole goat and revert to this primitive diet? There are, no doubt, people who have a taste for goat's milk even to-day, as there are people who have a taste for the eggs of geese. They prefer strength to sweetness of flavor. We have known some who drank goat's milk secretly, using it instead of cream in their tea. They declared it was delicious. Even so do the cannibals talk. At the same time, milk of any sort, freely diluted with coffee or tea, is not open to the same criticism as milk taken neat. To drink milk neat or consume it in the form of a milk pudding is an offense against everything a *gourmet* holds dear. In a world that is crying out for more butter, such things should not be. Every man who drinks a glass of milk for fun, as we say, is simply pilfering the butter supply. He is anti-social, a kill-joy, an enemy of the race. He is, as we say nowadays about working men, Irishmen and everybody who asks for anything, worse than the Germans.

For butter is not a thing honest men can do without. Butter is not only a necessity but a joy. 'She brought forth butter in a lordly dish,' we read in a famous passage in the *Book of*

Judges, and butter deserves it. We find the same appreciation of butter in those other passages in which we are told that: 'Barzillai brought forth honey and butter for David'; and in which Job speaks of 'the brooks of honey and butter.' True, we also hear of a land flowing with milk and honey; but even this passage should be read in the light of the proverb that reminds us that 'churning of milk bringeth forth butter.' In any case, butter is a theme for a song, and milk is not. It is after butter that we name the most beautiful of the flies. It is after butter that we name one of the most beloved of the flowers. In spring there is hardly a child who does not at some time pluck a buttercup and hold it under an adult's chin, till it sees a little golden-yellow cloud spreading on the skin. 'Do you like butter?' it asks; and it does not stay for an answer, but itself emphatically gives the reply: 'You do.' There is no such game played in regard to milk. To be asked: 'Do you like milk?' would be chilling and an insult. Even a bare question about butter, however, warms one and sends the juices flowing in anticipation.

It is all the more to be regretted that the encyclopædists and dictionary-makers have not succeeded in inventing a worthy definition of butter. The first definition we turned up described butter — coarsely, to our mind — as 'the fatty portion of the milk of mammalian animals.' Superficially, this may be true, but butter means something more than that. It is like describing Helen as a featherless biped. Butter would not fascinate us, and make us hate our neighbors for its sake, if it were only 'the fatty portion of the milk of mammalian animals.' Nor do we get any nearer the secret of its allurements when we read that 'the operation of churning causes the rupture of the oil sacs, and, by the

coalescence of the fat so liberated, butter is formed.'

This is surely the limit of cold-bloodedness in writing. The writer could not be more anti-romantic if he were discussing margarine. Even the description of the perfect butter reads like a passage from a French realistic novel. 'Well-made butter,' we are told, 'is firm and not greasy. It possesses a characteristic texture or 'grain,' in virtue of which it cuts clean with a knife and breaks with a granular fracture, like that of cast iron.' This, in our opinion, conveys a wholly erroneous impression to the imagination. Cast iron is no fit image for a delicacy that melts in the mouth, like a snow-flake.

The truth is, butter can be properly described only by a poet. It baffles definition. It eludes analysis. Charles Lamb might have hymned it in prose, as he hymned roast pork and sucking-pig. But the workaday prose in which men describe a hydraulic press or gents' trouserings is as unsuited to the praise of butter as to the praise of love.

Yet it is only since the closing years of the war that we realized this. Before 1914 we took butter for granted. Its appearance on the breakfast table was as unsurprising as the circulation of the hands of the clock. It was as natural as a newspaper, as normal as waking-up. Suddenly, however, it disappeared for many of us as completely as a rabbit running down a hole. We were advised to eat an unholy thing called margarine, instead. It was not till we had tasted margarine that we really appreciated the taste of butter. This margarine tasted like many things. Sometimes it tasted like the odious-looking grease that men put into the axles of the wheels of railway trains on the end of long sticks. It might have made an effective substitute for bicycle oil, but as food it was revolting. Sometimes it tasted like the

fat of animals that had died without benefit of the clergy — old horses that had fallen prematurely in the street on their way to the knacker's, ganders that had perished of old age, wild creatures that had filled the year's Bill of Mortality at the Zoo. Some people said that it 'was not so bad,' but they did not say what it was not so bad as. It was certainly worse than anything one had ever tasted before. It had a curious coldness of taste that made one shudder at one's first contact with it.

Butter adapts itself gently to the warmth of the human palate, but margarine has a temperature of its own — a sort of lukewarm coldness, it might be described — which it fights to preserve against tooth and tongue. Many people tried to give it an insinuating turn by pronouncing it with a soft 'g.' Others even bestowed on it a diminutive pet-name and called it 'marge.' But we doubt if any human creature ever worked up any genuine affection for it. Margarine with a hard 'g' it will for all practical purposes remain till the end. No one will ever bring forth margarine on a lordly dish, not even a profiteer. It will always remain the nickel coin among foods — the food of those who can get no better — or no butter. It takes a place below tinned salmon, below any of those foods described by a Coalitionist Food Controller as 'offals,' far below the polony of the mean streets and the saveloy of the stalls.

We agree that margarine is of many tastes and many colors. But at the best it is a bad business. The comparison of one margarine with another should always be downwards. We should not say: 'This margarine is better than that,' for this implies a progress toward excellence. We should say, rather: 'That margarine is worse than this,' for only in this way can we express our unalterable determination never to eat

margarine at all except under the stroke of necessity. Plato, we feel sure, would have banished the stuff from his republic. Its presence is unthinkable even in a Utopia of pork butchers.

Now that we have learned to appreciate butter, we shall perhaps begin to understand how it came that so great a poet as Wordsworth did not shrink from cutting books with a butter knife. Sir Walter Scott was horrified to see him doing so, but Sir Walter was wrong. In making use of the butter knife for this purpose, Wordsworth did not show any indifference to books. He merely showed by a symbolic act that he was of the opinion that a knife that was fit to cut the best butter must also be accounted fit to cut the best book. The only valid objection to cutting a book with a butter knife is that it is wasteful, as one is almost certain to leave a certain amount of the butter behind.

Mr. MacCarthy, in one of his essays, gives as an example of a true Bohemian the man who will use a razor for cutting butter. This, however, is more reprehensible. There is a gentleness of edge which makes the butter knife and the paper knife practically interchangeable. The very keenness of the razor, on the other hand, makes it unsuitable for cutting such soft substances as fish or butter. Even the Bohemian, who has no scruple in using things for alien purposes, acts with a certain sense of fitness. He will not stir a Christmas pudding with a hoe, or fish for sprats with a spade. And even a Bohemian, at least in these later days, has a considerable respect for butter.

Many strange stories are told of the influence of butter on human beings. A Russian once informed us that it was possible to keep moderately sober even through the most prolonged Russian supper by consuming large quantities of butter between one drink and an-

other. Nearer home, in Ireland, we have seen an important political movement being born simply of an excess of butter. When the Irish sold their butter abroad, they were lean and moderate Home Rulers. When they kept their butter at home and ate it themselves, they swelled into stout Republicans. Even to-day, we are told, it is impossible to go into the smallest hotel in Ireland without having a Corinthian superfluity of butter placed on the table before one. It is our opinion that, in introducing their new Coercion Bill, the government are going the wrong way about the business of grappling with Sinn Fein. The soldiers who burned down a creamery the other day showed a more acute appreciation of facts. They realized that the strength of Sinn Fein is in the dairy, and that if you only can deprive the Irish of their butter, you will have gone a long way toward depriving them of their liberty. Too much butter makes men uppish. Without it they dwindle to the common level of men, and ideals perish for want of a little of the fatty portion of the milk of mammalian animals.

[*The Nation*]

A TALE OF AN ANCIENT MARINER

BY ROY MELDRUM

LATE one September (says John Bessborough), off Tangier I was thrown by a squall against a winch, and a rib broken; and as I was lying in my bunk feverish, uncomfortable, and low in spirit, William Cussing sat on the floor below, splicing a rope. From time to time I caught glimpses of his hooked nose, tipped with scarlet by a sunbeam, as he swayed forward, and I muttered 'Shylock' fiercely to myself. I was in pain and at rebellious sixteen ready to curse the world for it. From time to

time also, his long, knotted fingers, grasping a little triangular knife-blade, reached out and turned over a page in the only book I ever saw him read — the Bible. 'Hypocrite,' I growled to myself — though often enough in friendlier mood I had wondered why such a blasphemous old rum pilferer should always be poring over sacred words. To-day it was too much for me.

'Hell!' I muttered as though I defied the universe.

'Squire's son,' said William after a silence, in which he straightened out a page with his knife-blade, 'Hell is a mighty unseemly vocable on the lips of a dying infant. If there were an ooze of grog in thy veins an' a six-inch blade in thy bowels, thou might be gruntin' an' grittlin' that same vile one-legged impercation. But for a veal of a lad, such as thou be, nourished in elegant establishments an' reclinin' in the crib of peace — it would better thou be speculatin' on the gold of Heaven. Squire's son, thou be after the white tricks of a lamb, an' never lamb I saw ahint a hurdle but bleated benedixes at me for all the world an' it might be a Samuel in woolly breeches.'

'Maybe you have a chart of Heaven,' I said, 'might help me on my voyage.'

'I'm atakin' the points of it now for thy succor,' said William.

'You would take them better,' I said, 'if you had been there.'

'Saints, but William Cussin,' he said, 'has smelt the spices of Paradise.' I pricked up my ears, and forgot the dying.

'He never set a foot on the golden pavin' stones, but he was nigh enough for to hear the charyots of fire clankin' like organ pipes over the hallowed cobbles; an' that was noon, sixty-three year ago come Lammas, an' the Holy Chains of Saint Peter, William Cussin' herself a ghost in good linen stood in the dock at the Heavenly Petty Ses-

sions; an' there were sundry other mortal ghost, called the same day, frilled out more costly, but for a nice an' respectful manner in the dock — God rest 'em, they turned two points greener with a lawful envy of herself, Squire's son. But thou need not be squintin' the curse of false doctrinals, herself speakin' no manner of the Judgment Final an' Finis. Nay, if us sinful men can wig out Habyas Corpses for our miserable bodies, bless her, God's no league behind our mortal fashions. "Death," says the Most Highest, "beno pound for stray cattle. Let the bodies fatten the kirk soil," He says, "but I must have the souls about my business. Saint Peter, your reverence, thou sort the souls at a Petty Session, an' find 'em bodies most convenient-shaped for their proportionin'." An' a heavy burden, lad, be on that gentlemanly saint, a heavy burden an' right so it should be, for God's own holy sakes, but I never lay hand on a cockerel's neck, but the impudent yorker minds me of the reverend Saint's backslidin'; an' it's a fellow feelin' there be between Master Peter an' William Cussin', born both to the sea an' a mortgage of sinful inclinations. So a sore disappointment it be the last time William Cussin' stood before the Petty Sessions; Peter himself was none on the Bench. The same forenoon, as thou might say, there bein' no moons nor nights up by yonder, Himself had mislaid the keys of the Golden Gate; an' such a coil there was, it bein' a fairday; Holy Peter could n't come to the Court, no, nor any Christian Judge for the matter of it, an' when William Cussin' fronted the Bench, there sat under the golden scallop a judge unbeknown to her, a very serious-eyed, quiet-speakin' man; an' his name, they told her, was Lord Pythongrass, who lived way back by Babylon an' a power of brain he had.

"The Court was opened with a flick from a gross of golden harps, very sudden an' tuneful; an' the heavenly constable in charge called out the first number. Squire's son, the number staggered the prisoners at the bar; a mile of figures it sounded all in a twinkle. Lord Pythongrass, then he turns over the ledger fresh sent down by the Recordin' Angel; an' then with a mighty musical tongue he reads out: "Soldier" — the ghost salutes — "place from — Mars — deaths caused by — thirty thousand — depreciation on soul — five hunder shekels." My Lord then looks up. "That is your account, Sir," he says, "Is there anything thou'd care to add like to these details?" The ghost purples under his white shirt, an' puffs out, his chest bowin' an' flashin' with stripes like a rainbow. "Gad, Sir," he raps out. "There's a chim-ozzle here; I'm a marshal — gentleman — tip-top honors — won five battles — statued by all the best sculpers — Gad, I'm a name, Sir — I've a will, Sir — I can make an enemy choke himself with his own dust, Sir, an' —"

"Aye, aye," says my Lord Pythongrass, smilin' pleasant. "I recognise an old friend. May I be tellin' you, Sir, where your soul was sixty year ago?"

"You can tell me, Sir," says the ghost most saucy.

"In a cockerel," says my Lord, "an' it will be in a cockerel for an odd other fifty; durin' what period havin' passed through five score birds or thereabouts it will present itself here again."

'The ghost puffs up enormous with anger; an' by the Holy Prophets, afore he could squeeze an oath from his wizzand, he crows full out like a midden rooster. It fair makes the rest of us sweat under our ice-cloths; for not a soul of us was breast up with the zooey habits of Lord Pythongrass. Then up speaks the next ghost on the list.

"Your worship," says he, "a true judgment, say I, for the like of that perverter of the peace. I'm a statesman, an', if you want a big job done in Heaven, I'm your man. If you want a few choice orations on the duties of a Christian ——"

"By your leave, Sir," says Lord Pythongrass, an' reads from the ledger, "Lawyer — place from — Mercury — twenty years of consumed hypocritics an' not a clove of truth on his tongue — no quotation for soul." Then lookin' up he says quick, "Alack for the brute creation — sentence — eel for a hunder year, of ten apiece," an' readin' again he calls out "Schoolmaster!" — "Headmaster," pipes a ghost down two supercilious nostrils. — "Venus," reads on my Lord, "filled ten thousand lads with a thirst for a certain precious metal allocated in those parts — woodlouse," says my Lord, an' on all in a breath, "Parson — ditto — ditto — billbroker — discount on soul ten talents — ferret — millionaire" — "Lord Quid," poms out a haughty voice. "Paid a mint of money for the title," answers Lord Pythongrass. "By the waters of Babylon," says he, "I'm moithered with the pack of ye. What do ye make of yourselves? Every man jack of ye, theologers, zoölogers, sillerologers, quillologers, an' to the lastest cypher on the tale, ye come here astuffed with mortal arrogances, an' not a body with one act recorded, that can hold a tallow dip to either of yon felons on the Jerusalem Crosstree; an' ye, with the very breath of God in your mother's womb for a honorable an' humble persuasionin'. An' with all your brains an' mortal powers ye buy yourselves a loushood in the kingdom of Mammon. Away with ye to your hutches!" An' he banged to the fearsome ledger, an' the ghosses tumbled out of the dock, all but William Cussin' herself an' one Josiah Dudd, born in my own natal an' my

own parish an' a poor awk'ard loon he be to be standin' by a master seaman, an' a foolish fellow till the day he died an' the parish buried him. An' my Lord looks up sudden. "Who be ye?" says he.

"If her may make so bold," says I, speakin' respectful, "our names be William Cussin' mine, Josiah Dudd my neighbor's, my Lord; an' if it be no offense to your worship, speakin' for my mate here an' herself, howsomebeit we be two rare sinful men on our last tack — to give it short rope," says I, "we two do be here standin' before your worship, to taste the bitters of our just an' lawful damnation."

"Cussin'?" says my Lord, openin' the ledger an' runnin' his long finger down the vellum.

"Aye, seaman," says I, "with a power of a thirst on him."

"Rum," he says, most mournful, an' he fixes me straight. "Thou be a sorry drunken wretch, but thou be what thou be, without pertences; an' I like 'ee well enough for speakin' out for your own damnation. I cannot put myself in mind nor of fish nor of fowl nor of creepin' reptile, that can besot itself such as the likes of thee; an' so I say, get thee back to thy old berth an' drink a quart less afore an' at after thy vittles. An' who be the mate?" he says. "A poor loon I beg your worship to compassionate," I says, speakin' uphill for Josiah, an' Josiah he stands by sayin' nothin' for himself. "Brains was forgot in his stew, my Lord. He tilled a bit of a soggy strip of clay in my own parish; but he never made much of himself; he always lived aft, as it might be; never tucked up to folk with a bit of brass, never pushed his nose in on fine days, nor got himself a morsel of credit. Nay, for a honest hard-workin' man I never did see one that cheated an' that set about with afflictions, an' that cheerful. Your worship, if I might

be so bold, I'd be at makin' him a lark;
a nice uprisin' manner of life; for if ever
man deserves a good turn, that man be
Josiah Dudd, the parish fool."

"Fool?" says Lord Pythongrass,
"they called thee a fool, Dudd?"

"Maybe the cap fits," says Josiah.

"Then," says Lord Pythongrass,
"thou be not for me to judge. Thou be
a case for the Chief Justice himself, an'

thou need have no fear,"— an' he re-
peats it, "no fear."

'An' then, Squire's son, I swooned
dead away. Marquesses, captains, an'
all the great company of the realms
snuffed into a menagery, an' only one
mortal man on speakin' terms with the
Holy Peter Himself, an' him the fool of
my own parish. Lad, it puts me in a
thirst to consider it.'

[*The Spectator*]

THE SINGING VAGABOND

BY J. J. ADAMS

A mad fellow went wandering
The fair roads of the world along,
And ever as he went would sing
A foolish, happy snatch of song —
Ri tol de rol!
A glad heart and a merry soul!

I had a seemly little store
Of gold, and 'twas my joy to lend
All to a comrade fallen poor —
Now I have neither money nor friend —
Ri tol de rol!
A glad heart and a merry soul!

I had a love I thought was true,
Who set my simple heart aglow.
Losing my money, I lost her too,
For the good God made women so —
Ri tol de rol!
A glad heart and a merry soul!

Onward I trudge right merrily,
And take whatever luck may come;
All roads are alike to me,
For all alike can lead me home —
Ri tol de rol!
A glad heart and a merry soul!

And lastly, all my days being sped,
Like fallen leaves or broken waves,
I shall go down among the dead,
The quiet dead who sleep in graves —
Ri tol de rol!
A glad heart and a merry soul!

[*Land and Water*]

SOME OLD ENGLISH SPORTING PRINTS

BY W. A. BETTESWORTH

To most people there is undoubtedly a greater fascination in old shooting prints than is to be found in other prints relating to sport, but it would not be easy to explain why this should be. It is quite possible that, as we all seem to be born with an instinct to go out to kill something for our breakfast, we may have a special and hereditary liking for a print which shows us a means of obtaining that end. Or it may be that instantaneous photography, which has done so much good but has killed so many beautiful things, has not been able to disclose any imperfections in the delineation of men in the art of holding or firing a gun, whereas it causes the timid to wonder whether the old artists knew how to depict animals in motion. It seems almost certain that even in the far-off days when instantaneous photography had not even been dreamed of artists felt much more untrammelled when they were dealing with a shooting scene than when they were representing hunting or coursing or racing.

It will be generally noticed also that in the nature of things they were able to set their figures in a very pleasing and peaceful scene, with no disturbing influences such as are to be found in most other sports. The majority of the best artists who drew or painted the pictures which afterwards appeared as shooting prints were men who were very familiar with the gun. Hence they knew exactly how to make their sportsmen hold their guns as to the manner born, and a most interesting half-hour

may be spent in examining the skilful way in which the hands are nearly always rendered in old prints.

In looking at an old aquatint of 1804 representing Mr. Richard Badham Thornhill it is impossible to help regretting that it is indeed a thing of the past, with no descendants at all. It is true that there are a few modern artists who are trying to revive the aquatint, with very promising results, but unhappily they will have nothing to do with sport, confining their entire attention to landscape and seascape. Yet this old engraving, printed in delicate colors, would make a noble decoration for the walls of any room, whether it be a smoking room or a lady's boudoir, for it has all the charm and dainty appearance of the best old French prints. One cannot help feeling that the artist has succeeded in giving the very soul of the sportsman, a man who would have done his duty nobly in whatever state of life he might have found himself. The present generation has no means of handing itself down to the future in a pictorial representation except by an oil painting or a photograph, neither of which is as satisfactory as an engraving often is.

'Pheasant Shooting,' the aquatint by Pollard, 1812, is a good example of the shooting print which, charmingly naïve in its arrangement of the figures, is scrupulously accurate in all its details, and must at once bring similar scenes to the mind of everybody who looks upon it. The aquatint by Alken after George Morland is a typical Morland

scene with more than usual elaboration. Here again, though conditions have changed so wonderfully in these last hundred years, the scene recalls late afternoons when after a good day's shooting the sportsman, perhaps in a comfortable motor car, takes a similar short rest with as much enjoyment as his great-grandfather. 'Pointers and Hare,' by Burford after Seymour, was produced before the time of aquatints, for its date is 1754. It is a mezzotint, boldly designed and carried out, but lacks something which is generally present in the aquatints which followed it. The other engraving, 'Gamekeepers Refreshing,' is an aquatint by Himely after S. J. E. Jones, and represents what may perhaps be termed the practical side of shooting. Few sporting artists have succeeded in choosing a more pleasing setting for their figures than is to be found in this engraving.

All the engravings which have been given here are such as can still be obtained at a small price by anyone who will take a little trouble, for, curiously enough, the ordinary small secondhand or antique dealer does not feel greatly excited about them. It is hardly too much to say that the well-known shooting prints such as 'The First of September,' by William Ward after Morland, 'Morning' and 'Evening,' by Alken after Morland, 'The Sportsman's Return,' by William Ward after Morland, can no longer be obtained except at a very high price, or by amazingly good luck, or in almost worthless reproductions. It is true that shooting prints are not so often copied and reproduced as many other sporting prints, but fakes and reprints are sometimes met with. They may generally, but not always, be known by apparently old paper of a yellowish color which is not quite like anything else on earth and certainly not like the color of the paper on which the old engravings were

printed, though it deceives many who are looking out for rare bargains.

The ordinary second-hand or antique dealer in a small way may perhaps not know very much about paintings, though he almost invariably has an uncanny instinct for recognizing anything which is of great value. So, in the same way, although the many well-known shooting prints very seldom indeed come in his way, he knows well enough that he has a good thing when by chance some print of great value gets into his hands. The opportunity of the collector who does not want the earth but only a little of it comes in when the question of shooting prints not so well known is concerned. As a rule the small dealer attaches but little importance to them, and even in these hard times a fine aquatint, a mezzotint, a line-engraving, or an etching representing shooting in some form or other may often be obtained at reasonable prices, and sometimes even at prices which would have seemed low in pre-war days. A wise man who looks ahead will not go far wrong if he buys some of the really beautiful old shooting prints in chromo-lithography, and also mezzotints and line-engravings after Landseer, George Armfield, Richard Ansdell, and other once-famous men who are now more or less under a cloud. Such prints, despised now, beautiful as many of them are, *must* come to the front in the future, and even now fashion seems to be showing signs of veering round to Landseer. Prints of this kind may be met with almost anywhere, for nobody seems to want them.

Some of the old chromo-lithographs were so finely colored that it is impossible to understand why they have been neglected for so long. A great deal might also be said in favor of the old lithographs, plain as well as colored. Two reasons are generally given to explain why the old lithograph is not

valued by the present generation. One of them is that so many copies could be printed that they might be scattered broadcast into the world. But this reason is slowly beginning to lose its weight, for naturally it was never worth while to reproduce them, and the number of existing copies is becoming smaller and smaller every year. The other reason is that the cheap German lithograph found its way all over England in such enormous numbers that it at last absolutely killed the art, and in addition made it lose its high caste. But some of the very best lithographs were works of art in every way, and among them are many shooting prints which are most decidedly worth placing in any sportsman's portfolio. Although they are becoming more and more scarce, they may still be found scattered about in the small dealers' shops among other prints which are accounted as of very small value.

There are still to be found other old shooting prints which imitated pencil, chalk, and wash drawings by well-known and sometimes famous artists. Several of the prints after wash drawings by Hardy and Frederick Taylor are astonishingly faithful to the originals. Another kind of print which may still be found without difficulty and at a very reasonable price is the portrait of 'The Man with the Gun.' This may be found in aquatint, mezzotint, line, and, indeed, in every kind of engraving, and most interesting things of the kind may often be unearthed by looking through a portfolio of portraits. But a word of warning may be given. Shooting prints, or for the

matter of that any other prints, taken out of books such as the *Sportsman's Magazine* and *Rural Life* are often remarkably good and remarkably clever, but they are not, and are never likely to be, worth more than a very few pence each. The reason is that entire books, containing dozens of engravings, may be bought anywhere for a few shillings. Nevertheless, because of the pleasure they give to other people, as well as to the owner, they ought not to be entirely neglected.

A word may be said about woodcuts. Some people think that they will come into their own in course of time, and in any case a few of them ought to be in a collection of shooting prints. The worst of woodcuts is that so many of them are badly printed, but really good woodcuts by Bewick, which may still be obtained, are very beautiful things. Some of the old English woodcuts of shooting scenes are so amusingly quaint that, roughly printed and designed as they are, they cannot very well be passed over.

The woodcut, like the lithograph today, is an art which has had its ups and downs of popularity. The revival of the craft (which incidentally has achieved in the last twenty years some very remarkable results looked at from whatever way you will, even the 'highly artistic') has indeed stimulated those to whom it was but the name of a forgotten art, or an accepted dull one, to probe a little deeper into the subject. Though woodcuts cannot be said to include the finest sporting pictures, as I remarked above there are some very beautiful and amusing things among them.

THE WORLD IN SEARCH OF ITS SOUL

THE world is looking about for something which it has lost, namely, its soul. Men think they will find it in a new religion, or a hashed-up old one. The ancient faiths, the forms of creed and worship which were once so living, appear to our generation like a fading fresco on a convent wall, faint outlines of awful figures from which the radiance has departed, and which mean little or nothing to the people of to-day. Or is it that their eyes have become dim, and their heart cold?

Once we were exhorted to turn away from things of another world, from vain seeking after God, and to busy ourselves with social betterment, with human rights and human wrongs, with wage and housing problems, with the emancipation of womanhood, and the coming democracy. But that quest also has fallen into dust. After recent experience of the thing at work, no one will be able to idealize democracy again, nor will the most sentimental bishop or dean care to identify selfish and bullying, pound-a-day earning tyrants in cloth caps with the *Christi pauperes*. The world is now covered, largely through the efforts of President Wilson and this country, with a crazy-quilt of non-Christian republics. No one can say that the boasted new 'kingdom of God' has not had its chance. And it has proved to be pure and undisguised materialism.

So the search of the world to recover its soul turns elsewhere. Ladies meet in fashionable drawing-rooms of London and New York to discuss karmas or mahatmas, and to play with the latest importation from the hoary

heathenisms of the mysterious Orient. Literary coteries, but lately prostrate before the fetish of the modern spirit, or at most recognizing the very limited power of a constitutional God, the elected Chairman of a free and independent universe, have begun to chatter ecstatically about The Absolute and the Unconditioned. The value and sacredness of individual personality has been claimed as the special discovery of modern enlightenment; yet we are now, one and all, bidden to seek eagerly for fusion with the Ultimate Reality, the grand Totality of Everything, which in another aspect is Nothing.

Discarding the passion of Equality, thousands of voices are acclaiming the dawn of that new Light of Theosophic Wisdom which can never illuminate the dim, common populations of valley and plain, but only touch the highest peaks of the Election. What message has Mysticism for Hob and Dick and Jane the lodging-house maid-of-all-work? To be sure, if the light spread from the few to the many, that would be in accordance with the usual Divine plan, which is always aristocratic and sacerdotal. But the 'trans-subjective validity of mystical experience, manifesting the subliminal mind,' is not for the plain householder. He wants to say his prayers and do his duty.

We are not pleading for philistinism. John Bull is an unspiritual animal. His Saxon forefathers spent the eve of the battle at Hastings swilling and shouting, while the Normans were at their devotions. There is no fear of his becoming hyper-etherealized, a

thing enskied. But there is considerable fear of the modern world drifting about rudderless on an indeterminate ocean of muddy pseudo-spiritualism, without horizon or harbors. Elderly Oxford men remember undergraduate Lent-terms, when the whole valley of the Isis was a sheet of water from which all landmarks had disappeared — someone called the view 'Spires and Pond.' Such is the sloppy and vague 'message' of modern mysticism. It is not deep calling unto deep, but a puddle spreading itself. Its shallowness is disguised by a ridiculous jargon supposed to be borrowed from furthest Ind; in fact, as the East tires of its superstitions, it passes them on to silly Europeans.

Since Toland, the eighteenth century deist, wrote his *Christianity not Mysterious*, we have had the theory that St. Paul concocted Christianity out of the Oriental mystery-religions and magical cults, which had driven out the jovial old Olympian deities. A sounder scholarship grants the mystic character of Pauline doctrine, but ascribes it to the essential supernaturalism and sacrificialism of the Gospel. However, Christianity is not mantic, hierophantic, hysterical, or chaotic enough for our neo-Buddhist devotees, who are demanding a New Dispensation. This dispensation is to be free from dogma and creed, but is to be 'something compelling and intoxicating, which will open a larger life to the soul.' Artemus Ward, thou should'st be living at this hour. Those immortal pages describing the Showman among the Shakers, the Free Lovers, the Mormons and the Spiritualists, should have included a visit to the Children of the Dawn.

Yet there are mystics and mystics. All who search for the Pearl of great price, who dig for the *unum necessarium* as for hid treasures, all who

painfully follow The Way amid the tangled boscage of terrene things, from Plato and Plotinus through St. John of the Cross, St. Theresa, Mother Cecilia, and a thousand more to Keble, or Patmore, or Francis Thompson in our own day, are mystics. A peculiarly sweet and fragrant mysticism breathed in Stuart England from the school of Cambridge Platonists and Poets, one of whom, Thomas Traherne, has recently been rediscovered. How few read to-day the exquisite pages of Drummond of Hawthornden! We are tempted to quote a few sentences:

'The huge compasse of the rolling circles, the brightness and continuall motion of those rubies of the night, the silver countenance of the wandering moon, the shining by another's light, the hanging of the erthe as invironed by a girdle of chrystal, the sunne inthronized in the midst of the planets, eye of the heavens, gem of this precious ringe the erth—with wonder and amazement I gazed on these celestiaall splendors and the beaming lampes of that glorious temple.

'Though man be born on the erth hee is not born for the erth. Fools which think that this faire and admirable frame was by the Supreme Wisdom brought forth that all things in a circulary course should arise and dissolve. But more fools they which believe that He doth no otherwise regard this His worke than as a theater, raised for bloodie sword-plaiers, wrastlers, chasers of timorous and combatters of terrible beasts, delighting in the daily torments, sorrows, distress and misery of mankind. No, no. The eternall Wisdom hath made man an excellent creature, and tho' he seeke his felicitie among the reasonless wights He hath fixed it above. He brought him into this

world as master to a sumptuous well-ordered and furnished inn, a prince to a populous and rich empery, a pilgrim and spectator to a stage full of delightful wonders — man, a great miracle formed to His own patterne to be an interpreter and trunchman of His creation.

'God containeth all in Him as the beginning of all; man containeth all in him as the midst of all. Inferior things be in man more nobly than they exist, superior things more meanly; celestiall things favor him, erthly things are vassaled unto him; he is the knotte and bande of both, neither is it possible but that both have peace in man if man have peace with Him who made the covenant between them and him. He was made that he might in the glasse of the world behold the infinite goodness, power, magnificence and glory of his Maker, and hold the erth of Him as his Lord paramount. Here is the palace royall of the Almighty King, in which the Uncomprehensible comprehensibly manifesteth Himselfe; in place highest, in quantity greatest, in quality more pure and orient.'

The Philosophy of Mysticism, from the Christian and Catholic standpoint, has lately had an able expositor,* who

urges that life must be sacramentalized by the taking up of earthly realities into heavenly, and not absorbed in a passionless Infinite. Directly people write Reality with a big R, they begin to lose touch with real things. But it is the essence of the sacramental that outward and inward shall both be real, and both be sacred, though on different planes. Oriental mysticism, however, with its transmigration of souls, is ever seeking redemption from the body, rather than the redemption of it. It desires not union and communion with a personal God, but fusion with an impersonal and universal Brahman-Atman. The Johannine writings of the New Testament exhibit a mystical contemplativeness and rapture, but the writer always comes back to what he and others have heard, have seen with their eyes, and their hands have handled. His lofty apprehension of the Eternal is not just a subjective experience. Nor are earthly facts an illusion. As Scott Holland remarks, the Greek effort to rise above the antithesis of Infinite and Finite to a higher unity is meaningless to him; there is no gulf to be bridged, for the Infinite has taken on Him the reality of human nature. St. John is neither dualist nor monist, but a Hebrew seer.

* *The Philosophy of Mysticism*. E. I. Watkins. Grant Richards. 21s net.

[The London Times]
HISTORY AS FICTION

THE difficulty of answering the question 'What is truth?' involves a corresponding problem in the definition of what is fiction; and it needs little ingenuity to show that truth and fiction are not entirely incompatible with one another. A work of fiction may be true to life, and things unseen as real as others. Pericles's famous speech is probably due as much to the imagination as to the memory of Thucydides; but imagination itself may be a means of truth, and what an intelligent Athenian of his day thought Pericles would have said may be almost as valuable historically as a verbatim report of his words. When Holbein painted a 'lively image' of Anne of Cleves he was not producing a work of imagination; and it requires as much imagination to see things as they are as it does to fancy the things which are not. The visionary may be a true realist, and sight is none the less sight because it is insight or foresight. The vision may, indeed, have a greater effect upon the actual course of events than the photographic reality, and history may owe more to the 'City of God' than to the City of London. Zion is more than it seems to the bodily eye of the tourist; and what the reformer sees in the present or dreams of the past may do more to determine the future than any literal truth.

For actual facts have but an indirect and sometimes a remote bearing upon the opinion which moulds men's actions; and there are various media through which facts have to be transmitted before they influence conduct. First, there are the facts them-

selves, about which men seldom agree. Then there is the report of the facts, which varies with the reporter. Thirdly, there are the different impressions which the same facts, and even the same report of them, make upon the recipients; and fourthly, there are the diverse reactions produced by the impressions in different minds. There is not merely the broad distinction between the seed and the soil. The sower comes in as well, and there are infinite varieties in the seeds and the soils themselves.

It is a crude criterion, albeit an onerous task, to separate historical fact from fiction and label the latter tares; and no intelligent student of history can be blind to the beneficent use of fictions in human progress. The actual working of the British Constitution depends upon its conventions, which are a species of fiction unknown to the law, and the law itself consists to a large extent in legal fictions. Legal fictions remedied the rigidity of the common law in the later Middle Ages, and occasionally brought about reforms which Parliament rejected. Sovereignty is a legal fiction built up to a large extent on the fiction that the sovereign was the master of fiction. *Solus princeps fingit quod in rei veritate non est*; the Crown alone can legally create that which does not exist. But the Crown soon lost its monopoly. Peers and Parliaments created fictions of their own — to wit, the law of peerage and the sovereignty of Parliament; and in time the prerogatives of the Crown became the privileges of the people. Fiction, indeed, was too valuable an

instrument of progress ever to have been abandoned by popular aspirations; and what reformers could not do by legal or constitutional fictions they sought to achieve by religious, philosophical, or historical imagination. So Plato wrote his *Republic*, St. Augustine his *De Civitate Dei*, Sir Thomas More his *Utopia*, Tacitus his *Germania*, Bacon his *New Atlantis*, Harrington his *Oceana*, and Rousseau his *Contrat Social*.

Some of these and of their modern counterparts do not profess to be history. But most of them do; for man is at heart a conservative, or rather a reactionary. He tends to rely upon instinct and to revert to his original type. Hence the scorn of the agitator for the 'intellectuals,' and his anxiety to represent his new panacea as a reversion to mediævalism or some more primitive stage of civilization. The instinct is natural, if not sound, psychology; and the vogue of the golden age is not merely popular but inevitable. The legend of the fall of man was, indeed, the first step in his ascent. It would not be possible to persuade a man to rise if he were convinced that he had always been prone upon the ground and possessed no means to raise himself. The indispensable preliminary was to convince him that he had not always been thus, that his natural posture was erect, and that only his own or other people's sins had brought him where he was. He had had a fall, but he could get up if he chose and regain the Paradise he had lost. It was not nature but sin that made him a slave; *natura omnes homines aequales sunt*. It was the law to which he was in bondage, and the law was made because of his corruption.

From that conception of the fall of man there came the chance of his recovery. Progress was, therefore, not

an unfamiliar journey to an unknown land, but retracing homeward steps; and for two thousand years the human race has suffered from nostalgia and visualized its pioneers as homeward-bound. Men could only be persuaded to move forward by the conviction that they were going back, and the leaders encouraged and shared the conviction. They still do so, except the unpopular and tactless intellectuals. Hobbes was one of these; he had no belief in a golden age in the past. His idea of nature was one in which the life of man was 'nasty, short, brutish, and mean,' and from which there was no escape except through the surrender of every man of himself to an absolute sovereign, a Christian idea perverted to the uses of secular government. Sovereignty was the remedy for, and the antithesis to, the state of nature. Darwin was another 'intellectual' with a similar view of nature, 'red in tooth and claw.' With their loss of faith in the past both Hobbes and Darwin lost their faith in the future, and thus gave color to the impression that hope depended upon historical fiction. Those who believed in the future hugged more than ever their golden age of the past.

Philosophers and poets, politicians and historians have held up these mirrors of Paradise as beacons to mankind; and progress is commonly made to the accompaniment of a recessional. The Reformation appealed to a 'primitive' Christianity, and sought to prove that error was modern invention and authority usurpation. Tudor politicians, seeking to prove the claims of national independence against both Empire and Papacy, boasted a donation from Constantine older than that to the Pope, and began to talk of an Empire of Great Britain. Stuart Parliamen-

tarians invented a mythical Magna Carta, and when trying to harness the Crown protested that they were merely demanding that justice which John had sworn not to deny, delay, or sell. Most of us still believe in those mediæval legends of liberty which Coke and his fellows invented as weapons against the Stuarts; and every fresh movement for reform adds to the stock of historical fiction. The eighteenth century was more philosophical than the seventeenth, and its legends took a wider sweep than national law and history. It revived and expanded the classical notions of nature and fell back on the Rights of Man. The age of reason rejected the dogmas of the divines, but the rights of man were as original to the philosopher as sin had been to the theologian. Man was born free, not as an individual, but as a genus; and if everywhere he was in chains, the fault was not Satan's or the people's, but that of the kings and priests who had corrupted a perfect human nature. The first expression of self-conscious democracy is the hunt for a scapegoat for the sins of which it has inherited the consequences.

But Revolution proved no more a panacea than the Reformation; and restoration and reaction came in with a more logical plea for reversion. The Middle Ages had receded into a distance which lent enchantment to the view, and a little Romanticism might portray them as a golden age. Knowledge of them was not more popular or more exact than the Reformers' acquaintance with primitive Christianity or Rousseau's with the noble savage of prehistoric Nature; but men were as urgent as ever to escape from the ills they knew, and the easiest way was retreat to the past of which they were ignorant. Cobbett curiously blended this Romanticism with politi-

cal agitation, and his explanation of the Protestant Reformation as a capitalistic conspiracy gave him a vogue in diverse quarters which is not by any means exhausted. It created a popular atmosphere that was sympathetic alike to Catholic revival and to Socialist revolution, and it accounts for much of Mr. Chesterton's history. Better historians succumbed to the lure of a legendary past, and decked out reforming propaganda with pictures of an earlier and a better age. The politics of Freeman were practically a plea for a reversion to an Anglo-Saxondom which he painted in glowing colors; and his history contributed not a little to that restoration of local government which was effected toward the end of the nineteenth century.

The latest of these reactions to a golden age is the movement for what is called guild socialism, the invention, it is said, of Mr. Arthur Penty, whose *Interpretation of History* lies before us.* Its spiritual affinities are obvious:

A frank acceptance [he writes] of the principle of reversion would enable us to arrive at the new social order by means of orderly progression . . . the danger is that a popular though unconscious movement back to Mediævalism may be frustrated by intellectuals whose eyes are turned in the opposite direction. . . . The average man to-day in his conscious intelligence will subscribe to modernism in some degree, but his instinctive actions are always in the direction of a return to Mediævalism. This fact is illustrated by the arrival of the trade union movement, which was well described by Mr. Chesterton as 'a return to the past by men ignorant of the past, like the subconscious action of some man who has lost his memory.' The circumstance that the Guild Propaganda finds such ready support among trade unionists is not due to the economic theories associated with it. Such could not be the case, for not one person in a thousand understands economics. The Guild idea is successful because it is in harmony with the popular psychology. . . . And so in respect to all of our

* A Guildsman's Interpretation of History. By Arthur J. Penty, author of *The Restoration of the Guild System, Old Worlds for New, Guilds and the Social Crisis*. (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d. net.)

other ideas of reform; they all imply reversion to the past. What is democracy but a form of government that existed among all primitive peoples? What is the proposal to nationalize the land but a reversion to the oldest known form of land tenure? . . . They are all borrowed from the past, and imply the creation of a social order the exact antithesis of our present one.

Mr. Penty's queries about democracy and land nationalization are clear enough indications of the nature of his history, which commends itself to the majority of his readers for the reason by which he frankly explains their acceptance of his economics. They know as little of the one as of the other, but both are 'in harmony with popular psychology,' with that instinctive tendency toward reversion on which Mr. Penty, in his distrust of the 'intellectuals,' relies. This reliance upon the idols of the tribe is not surprising, but Mr. Penty can hardly expect modern intellectuals to view with equal equanimity his appeals to reversionary instincts. There was too much reversion to original type during the late war; and Mr. Penty himself explains that religious persecution in the Middle Ages was, like lynch law, rather 'due to the fanatical outbursts of an over-zealous populace' than 'to ecclesiastical authority.' But why should he, while relying on 'popular psychology' to accept his history and adopt his economics, object to it when it leads to the persecution of pacifist objectors? The State, to which Mr. Penty feels so great a repugnance, would no doubt in any case save him from Frankenstein's quandary; otherwise he might find himself in the position of having evoked in 'popular psychology' a force which he could not control, and the instinct toward reversion might refuse to stop at Mr. Penty's cherished but comparatively civilized Middle Ages.

This book is not, however, an exposition of Mr. Penty's gilded dreams.

He has exhibited in earlier volumes his mediæval paradise of a 'guild-system,' partly based, like Mr. Chesterton's history, on the exploded theories of Thorold Rogers and Brentano, but mainly evolved out of his own antipathy to modern social conditions and desire to find a haven in some antithesis. It has been shown often enough that there is no more evidence for the existence of the mediæval state of society of which Mr. Penty dreams than there is for the Garden of Eden, or Rousseau's idyllic state of nature. Nor does he here seek to substantiate it. This 'interpretation of history' is rather a discursive attempt to support the particular attack by diversions over almost the whole field of history, law, and economics, and the keynote is the complaint of a 'conspiracy against Mediævalism' and of 'the horrible nightmare conjured up by lying historians, interested in painting the past as black as possible, in order to make modern conditions appear tolerable by comparison.' The chief villains of the piece are the Roman Law and the Protestant Reformation, though, if Mr. Penty had pursued his researches a little farther, he might have discovered a third and a more effective miscreant in the Renaissance.

It is a familiar part for the Protestant Reformation; was not Cobbett's *History* burned, according to Mr. Penty, by the public hangman 'because it was more than a history—because it exposed a conspiracy'? But the Roman Law is newer to the stage, introduced apparently by Mr. Ramiro de Maeztu. Maitland has taught us that the significant feature of English legal history is the successful resistance of English to Roman law; but Mr. Penty, ignoring Maitland's book on the subject, knows better, and sets out 'to challenge the opinion of the legal profession that

law in this country is English and not Roman.' The grievance, of course, is that the law is useful to the State and to private property, both of which Mr. Penty would abolish. This Roman law of ours 'is the central canker in our society'; it must be replaced by 'mediaeval communal law,' and the State,

stripped of its illegitimate functions, become as it was in the Middle Ages, one power among a plurality of powers. . . . There is but one thing to be done — to restore the communal basis of society that the Roman law destroyed . . .

The solution of the social problem . . . resolves itself finally into one of order. Take issues in their natural order, and everything will straighten itself out beautifully.

The main thing about *Paradise* is of course the general idea, and precision is a mistake. To attempt to locate historically this communal heaven of the Middle Ages would be as futile as to send a column from Mosul to survey the Garden of Eden; and Mr. Penty wisely eschews the task. He does not define the phrases which flow so readily from his pen. He is apparently under the impression that a mediaeval commune was a guild, and a craft-guild too; and is unaware that any body of men might call themselves a commune, even the select few who composed a shire-court and the still more eclectic body of barons who substituted an oligarchy for the rule of Henry III. He does not know that canon law was Roman law, and says that 'of course the people would in those days have the Church on their side' (p. 51), omitting from his account of the Peasants' Revolt of 1381 the fact that their chief victim was an archbishop who had imprisoned their leader, and from his notice of the German revolt of 1524-5 the circumstance that abbey lands were the scenes of

the bitterest discontent. Similarly he is under the impression that the capitalists of the sixteenth century were all Protestants, and describes the majority of the Marian martyrs as 'the scoundrels who had plundered the monasteries,' although Mary's Parliament itself had specially protected these spoliators, and not one of them was burned.

To do Mr. Penty justice he does not call this history, but 'a guildsman's interpretation of history'; and it has no more relevance to history than a guildsman's interpretation of anatomy or astronomy would have to those two sciences. It has been said that, if Hobbes had been told that his account of the Social Contract was not history, he would have retorted that the criticism was irrelevant; and Mr. Penty is entitled to the same defense. History is not his concern any more than it was Hobbes's or Rousseau's. Like them, he is not writing history, but inventing a panacea and recommending it on the ground that it is not new. The fact that they are not history is no more fatal to his books than it is to other political speculations; and they may convince his followers as completely as Rousseau did the Jacobins. The practical moral is that the provision of historical training and research for those who can influence and exercise votes is not so much a matter of indifference to the community as is commonly supposed. Both the French and the Russian revolutions broke out because there was little historical sense in the governments or the communities of either country; and while there is more in England, Mr. Penty's books and their vogue suggest that we have not much to spare if we want to keep the peace and preserve our social sanity.

[*The Bookman*].

FLOWERS FOR A DEAD CHILD

BY JOHN DRONSFIELD

I have brought flowers for you, O little
Soul,
Tall white-lipped lilies, whence the
bee has fled,
Soft summer roses, dyed with gold
and red,
And purple loosestrife, gathered fair
and whole
By singing streams — all that the
seasons bear,
To lay within your hands and in your
hair.

Now that June's splendor burns on
every hill
Between the brown feet of the mur-
muring trees,
Fresh from new fallen dews I bring
you these,
And these, once loved, will you not
love them still?
Life beats within their veins and in
their eyes
Gleams yet the colored fire of summer
skies.

Why did you leave the flowered ways
of earth,
The sleepy hills and hidden water-
springs
And me, who loved you more than all
these things?
Was the poor heart I gave so little
worth
That, when Death called you at the
close of day,
You cast it by and followed him away?

Ah! little Brother, Life was good to
you,
But lovelier far than Life or Death is
Love,
Sweeter than all the music of the dove
And softer than the falling of the dew;
Therefore I weave these flowers to
crown your hair
That, at his coming, Love may find
you fair.

[*The Athenæum*]

OCTOBER

BY F. W. STOKOE

Still morning on the sea,
Gray light on herb and tree,
And silver melody
In leafy height —
The swallows circle near
In swift and light career —
Wheel up, and disappear
On drifting flight.

The hills in quiet stand
Enfolding sea and land,
A strong and guardian band,
A steadfast throng;
The clouds stoop low, and keep
Still watch by vale and steep
Above the winds, asleep
With all their song.

[*The Dublin Review*]

TO 'A CERTAIN RICH MAN'

BY ALICE MEYNELL

'I have five brethren . . . Father, I beseech
thee . . . lest they come to this place.'— *St.
Luke's Gospel*.

Thou wouldst not part thy spoil
Gained from the beggar's want, the
weakling's toil,
Nor spare a jot of sumptuousness or
state
For Lazarus at the gate.

And in the appalling night
Of expiation, as in day's delight,
Thou heldest thy niggard hand; it
would not share
One hour of thy despair.

Those five — thy prayer for them!
O generous! who, condemned, wouldst
not condemn,
Whose ultimate human greatness
proved thee so
A miser of thy woe.